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CATHEDRAL AND UNIVERSITY AND OTHER SERMONS

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CATHEDRAL AND UNIVERSITY AND OTHER SERMONS

BY

HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, D.D.

BISHOP OF DURHAM

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LIMITED LONDON

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Several collections of Dr. Handley Moule's sermons have been made in former years, the last published as lately as 1908. But it has been thought that many readers, who have valued his teaching from study or pulpit, would welcome yet one more small volume of his latest and perhaps strongest period—strongest in fervency and in courage of thought and utterance.

In a deep sense, no doubt, this preacher had one theme only—his Master and Lord;—but his interest and sympathies ranged widely and touched all things human; and in the choice of these sermons *variety* of subject and occasion has been aimed at, to illustrate not his spirituality only but his humanity; for example (to mention only three characteristic attitudes), his almost worship of womanhood and motherhood and the home, his reverence towards the

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great medical profession, and his grateful and enthusiastic affection for persons and for places whose debtor he felt himself to be. This last emotion finds a voice in three of the sermons; notably in "Durham Cathedral" (No. X), and in "Wise Men and Scribes" (No. I): a discourse which, although it has been printed twice before, we could not resist the desire to include in this final group of sermons. To our regret, no sermon to the miners has been found; a class of his diocesan community who won and repaid his warm respect and sympathy, and thronged their great Cathedral time after time to hear their Bishop.

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I

WISE MEN AND SCRIBES

"Behold, I send unto you wise men and scribes."
St. Matt. xxiii. 34.

The context of these words is dark and formidable. It makes part of that tremendous arraignment of evil under the mask of good with which our Lord, now on the verge of His Cross and His triumph, assailed the ecclesiastical leaders of His time, denouncing in their persons the moral mischief which always beyond all others called out His most ruthless censure—the sanctity which is merely official and mechanical, the harsh devoutness of only the letter and the form. But from that context I now detach the text, to consider it altogether in itself. The Lord's incidental intimation that wise men and scribes, true thinkers and counsellors, true students and teachers, can be God's gift, the missioners and vehicles of His will, I place here before you as a substantive theme, hoping

that it may make a message true for this place and hour.

It is a place and an hour profoundly moving to your preacher. This College, this Chapel; the whole life of Trinity, including its worship; the entire educative power working here upon mind and soul—how can I help feeling the impression of it all, almost as if for the first time, as I stand here invited to minister the word of God before you? So deep and ample is the debt which as an old *alumnus* I owe to this great House that I can believe (I may at least be permitted to feel) that no son of its vast family owes more to its influences than I do. Thought goes back to the remote moment when as a child, in the autumn of 1850, I first entered this Chapel, while Walmisley's hands traversed the organ-keys in the opening voluntary; and then it passes to another October, ten years later, when first I worshipped here, a wearer of the blue gown; and to yet another, five years afterwards again, when, kneeling in the Master's stall after election, I placed my hands within Whewell's hands, the last man ever admitted into Fellowship by him. Then

comes up in recollection a later time, when after a long absence I lived again within the gates, amidst a circle of colleague friends and undergraduate friends ever dear to my heart. Well may a man feel, in face of such days past, that the place and its life has entered into his very being, and has so acted upon it that he cannot easily think that Trinity ever told much more powerfully upon any of its members.

It came naturally to me then, with the call to preach at Commemoration, to wish to use the opportunity for some discourse upon those influences as I felt them. It seemed possible that this might be done with a worthier aim than that merely of the expression of a sentiment, however sincere and strong. It might be that the theme could actually serve and assist in some modest measure the work of those who are to-day the teachers, the guides, the formative exemplars of the College. For not even the mind most wakeful and most sensitive can always see its daily and normal opportunity with perfect freshness and illumination. The comments of an observer, detached while sympathetic, even his simplest and most

obvious comments upon possibilities and ideals, may strike a new and useful light over the familiar field for the worker within it, and may show, by the memento of a moment, the greatness always latent everywhere beneath its face.

So I have been living over again in some sort that long-departed undergraduate time. I have attempted to recollect the influences and examples which most effectually handled and shaped thought, purpose, and habit in those days so genial, that *amicum tempus* as indeed it proved itself in a hundred ways to be. Not now have I dwelt upon the character and influence of my coevals. I have turned rather to the "wise men and the scribes" who were the teachers and elder friends of our generation; and more than ever the heart has recognized in them the gift and sending of God, noble illustrations of the living power which can go out from leading personalities upon the college-world. Many a face and voice of that period has lived anew before me in these meditations. The great Master has stood out in sight, in all his physical and mental stature; again has been felt the awe and distance which hedged him to

our eyes, yet withal the certainty of his unflagging dutifulness and his worshipping faith. Again has been visible Sedgwick's aged face, strong and rugged as his own rocks, grandly vivid with human feeling and Christian hope. Jeremie, the old man eloquent, has seemed to unfold again his large learning and luminous thought with the controlling magic of that silver voice. Thompson, pale and stately, has been present to the mind's eye, the kind friend of later years, when he was Master and I was Dean, the Greek Professor of that earlier period, who filled Carus' lecture-room with classes equally instructed and delighted whether Aristotle or Aristophanes was the author. Munro and Cope have seemed once more to walk out together, *par nobile*, diverse and intimate, masters alike of a vast and refined erudition, wielded by the one with the fervour, and by the other with the patience, of genius. The mind has listened again to William George Clark, as he expounded the classics with the touch, firm and free, of the accomplished man of English letters. Then, coming nearer to personal affections—for it is coming to men to

whom I owe a peculiar gratitude for generous and admirable help in private—memory has lived again with two of my three dear Tutors. James Lemprière Hammond is the one, untiring in his friendly and encouraging care, admirably stimulating by the contagious force and alertness of his mind. Robert Burn is the other, the man of unconscious and unaffected greatness, of equal strength and gentleness, without fear or reproach as ruler and example; the face on which it was good to look, the intellect capacious at once of massive knowledge and of purest literary scholarship, the soul which, with English reticence, let the lips say little of the inner life of faith but which could not forbid the shining forth of it into the life. Wonderfully at the last was that faith spoken out, in the very hour of dissolution, in the dawn of the light invisible.

But the time would fail me to recount, name by name, all the departed worthies of the calendar of the heart, our benefactors of old within this dear incomparable place; counting down from those who in our time were the grey fathers of the College to those who, like Henry

Sidgwick and Richard Jebb, were seniors to us only by a little. And time fails me also to do more than reverently recite the sacred roll of those other departed sons of Trinity who, within this year, have been called into the other life; some of them memorable for academic achievement; some also for illustrious and permanent labour in science or in letters; one the veteran transatlantic Bishop; one the vigorous helper, through a long life, of all good causes in my own Durham; one in far-distant days scholar and then chaplain of the College; one, the last and by far the youngest, my dear pupil-friend, missionary of the Cross in Egypt—ardent, instructed and far-seeing—cut down like a flower. Peace be to their memory, and greeting go to their spirits—Michael Foster, Frederick Maitland, George Yool, Thomas Barker, Hollingworth Kingdon, Robey Redmayne, John Hastings, Douglas Thornton.

For the remainder of this precious opportunity let me return to the memory of the "wise men and scribes" of my time, and speak a little of yet one other person. Let me recall somewhat in detail what he was, taking him, as I

do, to be a singularly true realization of the high ideal of what a Fellow and officer of this College can be to the young life on which in the providence of God he is called in one way or another to have power.

I have spoken of two Tutors. Let us turn now to my third, their predecessor, sole chief of the side which on his resignation the two undertook together. How shall I discourse as I would of Joseph Lightfoot?

Before me now, in the path of daily duty and intercourse, his name is always moving as a great and living force. First in time of the two mighty men of God who successively occupied of later years the chair of Durham, and who made between them a continuity of combined mental and spiritual greatness to which it is difficult to find a parallel, Lightfoot still retains in the hearts of both clergy and people a place not of honour only but of love with which not even the splendour of Westcott's venerated and more recent memory interferes. "Dear Bishop Lightfoot" is his common designation in the faithful-hearted North; and men recall his grand humanity, with its gladness and

its tears, even more vividly than his immense knowledge, his masterly administration, his supreme sanity of judgment, and his literally life-breaking toil. Then, behind his great episcopate lie the times of his epoch-making activity as student and teacher, at Cambridge and St. Paul's. Within those years, from 1861 to 1879, step by step, work by work, as expositor, as historian, as consummate defender of the historical faith, he grew to be a power for good in Christian minds and souls, unsurpassed, if not unrivalled, for its magnificent wholeness and soundness of result. In a leading article issued just after his death, *The Times* paid a noble tribute to the astonishing achievement of his literary labours in giving a new trend of thought, a trend towards faith, over vast regions of the educated world. The panegyric, for such it is throughout without reserve, dwells upon the "noble character and splendid faculties" which somehow, and not least, I think, by his perfect combination of wisdom with knowledge, and of modesty with authoritative power, so found response in the public estimate that (in the words of the writer of the article)

"his virtues were never doubted, his mental eminence depreciated, or the appropriate rewards withheld."

But to-night I speak of Lightfoot less as the great Bishop and the great Professor than as the Fellow and Tutor of this College, under whom it was my happiness to enter seven-and-forty years ago. Only for one year did we enjoy his guidance, for in 1861 he succeeded to the Hulsean chair; but that short year laid an influence for life upon mind and aims. And how did the influence operate? By no means in any overt and elaborated fashion. To all but an intimate few of our time Lightfoot was reserved in individual intercourse; the shy pupil never found it easy to open a consultation with the shyness of the Tutor. We benefited greatly in scholarship by his fine lecturing, particularly by his evening readings in his rooms on the Æschylean Trilogy. Now and then he spared time for an hour of invaluable private criticism upon classical work. His sermons, happily not infrequent, were always uplifting by their strength of reason, their freshness of insight and application, and an

eloquence only less of form than of the soul. But his power upon us was mainly and continually exercised through the manifestation of what he was. To watch his simple but profound devotion day by day in this Chapel, to see a little of his splendid diligence in toil and duty (for who ever lingered so late at night in the Great Court that he did not see Lightfoot's lamp still burning, and who ever missed him at the matin-prayers at seven?), to know by a sure instinct, as we talked about him, or heard rumours of him, that he was always and everywhere the same, the Christian man using very great gifts wholly for God and for others; all this meant for us a perpetual moral impression of the sort to tell, just at our time of life, for the purest and most lasting good. Well may his memory by us be blessed for ever.

We could not possibly at that period know anything in detail of the secret inspiration which made such a life possible, as our Tutor lived his daily and his nightly life in the rooms where Newton had thought and worked before him. But I have come since to know a little

of his sources of patience and of power, and how they were hidden with Christ in God. His near friend of the latest years, Dr. Watkins, Canon and Archdeacon of Durham, possesses an engraving of Dürer's *Crucifixion* which always hung beside Lightfoot's simple bedstead at Auckland, brought, I believe, from his Cambridge rooms. Below the picture runs the legend, ES IST VOLLBRACHT, the "IT IS FINISHED" of the Crucified. To my dear Tutor, deep within the heart of his most noble life, the incarnate Christ of Atonement and Resurrection was all in all—salvation, desire, motive, resource, life, way and end. The magnetism of his influence upon us rose ultimately, behind all the massive complex of gifts and acquirements, from Him Who dwelt in his heart by faith.

I have done with this brief tribute to the memory of the "wise men and scribes," and particularly of this most wise man and most true scribe of the heavenly kingdom, to whom I am so much a debtor since those good days of old. I leave them standing in my view upon the scene of recollecting thought some-

what as Virgil's hero saw grouped together, amidst the bowers of odorous laurel, beside the brimming river of the Happy Fields, the white-tired shades of the departed just. There was the patriot warrior, wearing the scars of his devotion; there the stainless priest, found faithful to the last; the poet, true and good, whose song was worthy of his Inspirer; the inventive helper of human life in its development; the man who by whatever merit had left his memory green. The names of which I have essayed to speak are green indeed and living, and pregnant of fruitful intimations of the opportunity for service and for the winning of grateful recollection which this wonderful place sets before the successive generations of its leaders. Those leaders of long ago I greet again with hail and farewell, and also with *Wiedersehen*, thinking of them as the denizens now not of a pale Elysium, void of a living Presence and of a holy Throne, but of the Paradise where they rest with Christ, and from whence they shall be brought again with Him.

POSTSCRIPT.

"SINCE it hath pleased thee, O Lord, that I should be called to take my part in the teaching of this College . . . grant that neither by word or deed I may do aught that may weaken the faith or slacken the practice of those committed to my charge; but rather grant me such a measure of Thy Holy Spirit that my duties may be discharged to Thy honour and glory, and to the welfare of both the teacher and the taught."—*From a Prayer by J. B. Lightfoot upon his entering on the Tutorship*, 1857.

II

YOUR BRETHREN THAT ARE IN THE WORLD

"Your brethren that are in the world"; or, to render the Apostle's words with a little more precision, "your brotherhood the world over," "your world-wide brotherhood."—1 PETER v. 9.

THE shortest possible recollection of the context will help us to a fuller message from the text. The old Apostle is writing an appeal to the scattered saints, at a time of stress and trial, when the great adversary was abroad in his open wrath. He invites them to stand steadfast and resist, to oppose to the dreaded onslaught the solidity of faith, *στερεοὶ τῇ πίστει*, that is to say, to find their secret of fixity and of victory in a reliance on their Lord, single-hearted and entire. That they might do this the better, let them remember all the while that they were not doing it alone. Their human hearts were to be animated to an ever stronger exercise of faith by the potent sense of human fellowship. "The same types of

sufferings," if again we may render the delicate Greek rather more minutely, "were being carried to an issue in their brotherhood the wide world over." The solitary Christian, the isolated mission, was to remember this spiritual *camaraderie*, and be the stronger for it in the Lord. For others, as for them, the fiery trial was appointed. In those others it was proving a sublime blessing in disguise. It was developing results of which the goal was the final glory. Then let them also be confident that their experience should be the same; let them resist the power of evil in the strength of a single-hearted trust in Him, Who is for all His followers equally their hope and victory. The virtue of human fellowship to quicken the exercise of victorious grace is the deep and beautiful message of the words.

It is fitting that I should address you, brethren most honoured in the Lord, from a text of St. Peter beneath the roof of this chapel. As you are aware, St. Peter is the saint of its dedication. Two hundred and forty-three years ago, in the summer of 1665, that dread year of plague in other regions of England but here

comparatively innoxious, John Cosin consecrated this chapel, with a great concourse around him, and called it by the Apostle's name. He had been Master of Peterhouse at Cambridge and Dean of Peterborough; hence in part came his devotion to the glorious "Pilot" (as Milton calls him) "of the Galilean lake." The allusion to Cosin and to this his dedication prompts me to pause for a little while (not forgetting my true theme as I do so) over the story and the interest of this chapel. Let me briefly remind you how the noble secular building of Bishop Pudsey, his majestic banquet-room with its consummate arcades of Early English grace and dignity, the creation of the twelfth century, was transformed and developed by the great bishop of the Restoration into the temple of God which we see to-day. By him the clerestory was added, and every existing window remodelled in the tracery characteristic of the Gothic of his own time; and he stretched the noble screen across the western end. And he bade them lay his coffin under his chapel-floor. Then came to the see in 1674 Nathaniel, Baron Crewe, and

gave us the organ, with its pure-voiced diapasons, the work of Father Smith; the organ to which, sixty years later, Bishop Joseph Butler loved to listen, refreshing his thought-wearied brain while his young secretary touched the keys. To him succeeded Richard Trevor, devout, earnest, noble to look upon as he sits in marble in the ante-chapel, the tranquil monument of his beneficent and tranquil episcopate. Later, following the last great-hearted Prince-Bishops, Barrington and Van Mildert, and the stately first prelate of the new order, Maltby, came Charles Longley, from his twenty years' work at Ripon, and on his way later to York and to Canterbury. Here at Durham, so says the memory of old men, he was the first bishop to be felt freely and fully over the then far-extended diocese from Tees to Tweed, as the friend and pastor in parish and parsonage. His mark is in this chapel, too, in the tablet and the gravestone of his wife. Next to him, after good pastoral work in London parishes and as Bishop of Carlisle, came Montagu Villiers for a Durham episcopate of only thirteen months. Following him, Baring ruled the see through

seventeen laborious years, untiring, ubiquitous, sternly self-repressive; doing noble deeds with his wealth so that his left hand knew little what his right hand did. He, too, has left his mark in this place, the initials of a daughter cut upon the floor. Then Lightfoot, my own dear tutor at College, came for his wonderful ten years and a half. Just twenty years ago, sparing no cost for the glory of God and His house, he splendidly enriched the chapel with its historic glass, its blazoned series of shields, and the marble and oaken work, rich and delicate, which adorns the precincts of the Holy Table. And here, barely sixteen months after that bright August day when, surrounded by fifty-seven bishops from the Anglican world beyond the seas, he re-opened the chapel for worship, his mortal part was laid to rest before the sanctuary steps; literally worn out before the time by the energies of the spirit, by the self-outpouring of the mind and of the heart. Here too, in the southern aisle, rest the sacred relics of Westcott, Lightfoot's close friend and successor, and of his wife; in their deaths by only two months divided. He followed her, labouring

to the last, crowning a life of rare intellectual and spiritual greatness with a transition almost unawares into the light invisible.

So the place, my reverenced brethren and fathers, is full of the memory of leaders, of sages, of saints, men illustrious in their generations as servants of God and man, each fitted nobly for his time. And we stand now in their places, and take our turn for a season in their historic office as chief pastors of the flock of Christ in our dear Anglican Christendom as it is to-day. Once more, as in 1888, we see represented here many peoples and nations and tongues. Here is present to our thoughts the mighty life of the great Republic of the West; the vastness of the Canadian provinces; West Indian island and shore; the missions and colonies of Africa, west, east and south; the young Australasian nations; and that immemorial Asia, now waking again into more and yet more of an incalculable new life; Ceylon, India, China, Corea and Japan.

The very greatness of what we represent, the illimitable spaces, the deep, unfathomable differences of genius and of history which the very names connote, the period at which we

stand, the restless generation which we are called to serve—all constrain us not only to personal humility, not only to what I may call a normal and decorous consciousness of inadequacy ("Who is sufficient for these things?"), but almost to an alarmed misgiving, as if our hands were upon the rudder of a ship circling in a whirlpool of uncontrollable and revolutionary change. We are tempted, perhaps, to look back with a certain regretful envy upon even the more recent of our forerunners, as if their task were more intelligible; to look to that remoter while yet modern past represented by Trevor's white restful effigy, as if he served God in a world of peace, where night and tempest were unknown. It was not so; it never was so. But ours is a better consolation than that cold thought. We recognize in the very problems and dangers of our day the call to a higher courage, animated by an ever more deliberate and spiritual faith in Him Who lives, and lives for us, for ever. He told us in the abstract that the gates of Hades, the armies of change and death, shall not prevail; He has given us the sublime guarantee that so it shall be by His personal promise to be with His

working, witnessing, evangelizing, edifying disciples "all the days and all day long (*πάσας τὰς ἡμέρας*) even unto the summing up of the age";—and the age, bounded by His two Epiphanies, is running yet. And then also, to quicken that faith into an exercise always warmer and more glad, He is continually sending us, from one another's fields of toiling pastorate—alike from the ancient and from the missionary Christendom—living evidences of His promised presence. In a hundred races He is manifesting Himself, through the patience and the love and the victorious service of His saints. Amongst us to-day, under this old roof, amidst the holy memorials of the just made perfect, who served their generations and fell asleep, He stands in His unseen but only just invisible proximity. He points us to the bright symptom of His life in every longitude and latitude, in every colour and every tongue, and says to us that we are to believe "without a doubt and to labour without a fear"; for all possible types of trial are by Him being carried to their glorious issue even to-day, even this hour, in our brotherhood the wide world over.

III
BUILDING

"Next unto them repaired Jedaiah, over against his house. . . . After him repaired Meshullam, over against his chamber."—NEHEMIAH iii. 10, 30.

THIS was when the fortifications of Jerusalem, still ruinous after a century and a half, were restored by the faith and energy of Nehemiah; "built again," in the phrase of prophecy (Dan. ix. 25), "with wall and moat, even in troublous times."

The story, as we try to make the scenes present by a little imaginative effort, is full of incident and movement. We follow, as if we saw it, the new governor's midnight perambulation of the ramparts, all burnt and broken. We are fired with the sudden inspiration which his hope and courage brought to the dispirited people, and we admire the rapid distribution and arrangement of the huge task of reparation, the rising as by magic of the mighty

fence around town and temple. Animating indeed is the spectacle of work and watching maintained together; the swords laid beside the trowels, the spears held ready all day long by a host of sentinels till the sunset wanes and the stars appear. It was a work where a common peril, a common hope, and one centralizing will animated by converse with heaven brought a divided and languid population magnificently together for great results. Community and individuals, they cast their whole selves into the work; and so Jerusalem was built again, and built swiftly, with wall and moat, even in troublous times.

This picture of co-operation and construction is pregnant of parable and message. At every point it lends itself to suggestions for us who would fain do what we can for the repairing of the breach and the building higher of the protective cincture of the spiritual city. It calls us in the first place, as we follow Nehemiah upon his moonlit round of sorrowful inspection, to look with open eyes, loving and grieving, at what is shaken and shattered in the state of our English Christendom, at loss

of faith, and decays of reverence, and disintegration of godly customs, and admissions into the Church of the fatal spirit of the world, and strifes within the Church over things divine, in which all that is indeed divine is too often chased away and lost amidst a wrangle, without prayer, or sympathy, or soul. It calls us to study with all the mind and all the heart the gaps and the ruinous places of our social and industrial system. This is a scene just now made mournful beyond words by a depression wide and complicated in the world of commerce, by a civil war of class interests and forces, where their generous co-operation would seem to be so vastly the more hopeful policy, and by that woeful and formidable phenomenon of unemployment, whose public perils and private sorrows and sufferings, the despair of numberless working homes, call out aloud for all the help of thought, labour, sacrifice, love, that each and all of us can give. We must not merely stand bewildered at the view. We will affirm to ourselves that in the will of God there must be a solution, or rather solutions, to be found. Better things are possible, and

are coming, not by that "raw haste" which is "half-sister to delay," but by impartial applications all round of the central Christian principle that no man liveth to himself; that he, and his faculties, and his possessions, belong all to our Master, Christ, and in Christ to others. To see *that*, and to live *that*, on a great scale is to wreck nothing, and to adjust practically everything—each to all, and all to each. But, meantime, there is the ruin asking for repair, in great peril of deeper ruin.

Then Nehemiah's narrative calls us to ponder the secret, whatever it may be, of a large and ordered fellowship in holy labour. We view these builders, told off to the many details of the one plan. Priests and people, magistrates and Levites, goldsmiths, apothecaries, men, women, all combine, orderly in their multiplicity, and build the wall, co-operant to an end. From our vision of their marshalled industry we are to go away to realize anew the boundless importance of relation and union in Christian service, to follow after the things that make for peace in the serving and building host, to toil with a genuine comity and

concert for our one possible ultimate objective—the glory of our redeeming King. We all recognize the truth and beauty of that ideal, while we are all aware, more or less, of the distance between it and the actual, and of the strength and subtlety of many of the obstacles in the way. None the less for them we will never let the ideal pass out of thought and intention; and we will hail every real step onward towards it as a gift of grace. Let us do so now, if ever. This present year has seen a long advance towards a large and genuine co-operation in the world-wide circle of our communion. The Pan-Anglican Congress has proved at once a symptom and a moving force in the matter of fellow-labour, such as not only our Churches, but the Church at large, in its widest and noblest sense, never saw before; it will be felt over Christendom and in all its missions for all time.

As for the Lambeth Conference, I venture to say that its reports, resolutions, and letter only imperfectly represent, with an inevitable imperfection, the sense of fellowship and the enlarged and enlarging desire for an ever wider

fellowship in life and service with all true believers in our Lord, which breathed in that assembly like an air, as it was, from the world of love.

In both those great councils there was an ample freedom in the expression of conviction and in the play generally of individuality. They would have done little good otherwise; they would have lacked the accent both of primitive Christendom and of the Reformation, the two eras which together make the watchword of our Church, catholic and purified. But the freedom was a tempered and elevated freedom. It was respectful of the freedom of others. It was willing to look through their eyes and to learn out of their experience, and to ask what they have to contribute to the common aim, the furtherance of the will and work of God. Both Congress and Conference, like Nehemiah's builders, seemed to feel two concurrent influences always upon them. The one was the consciousness of a vast alien world surrounding the professing Church, and of the Lord's call to the Church to approach and to serve and to win that world for Him in a

strategy of faith and love. The other influential conviction was that we must, for such a strategy, to the utmost possible within the bounds of conscience, understand each other and co-operate. It was given to Congress and Conference, both in a wonderful degree in a way which marks an epoch of its kind, to realize with a deep *consensus* that the spirit of division is sin, and that the individual is never more nobly himself than when he feels and cherishes in his whole being his relation to his brethren.

Here is a vast gain for all the future, provided only that this movement of minds is always ruled by the Holy Spirit of God and always guided by His Word. It means a great economy of force. It means the liberation of the fire of love from the mortal vapours of self-pleasing and self-will.

But Nehemiah's builders have all the while another message for us, the antithesis and the complement of the other. I mean the message carried by my text. In the course of this record of the builders and their building there

comes over and over, almost as a refrain, this note of local, personal, I had almost said domestic, effort. "Beside his own house"; "over against their own house"; "over against his chamber"; "every one of the priests, over against his own house." The phrases lie embedded indeed in the collective and the connective. There is no isolation in them. All the masons are toiling at the same wall, at segments that will be useless if they are not welded into that one circumference. "After him"; "after them"; "next after him"; "next after them"; so runs the story all round the many links of that great chain of stone. Yet the earnest individualism is there none the less, playing with living harmony into the collective enterprise. The man works as he could not possibly work if he were not conscious of his multitudinous associates. But he builds with an energy edged and pointed by the thought that he is building at and for his home. His patriotism is kept warm and indefatigable by his affections. He does his part all the better for the community because he does it also for the dear ones of his heart.

My brethren, if I do not greatly mistake the matter, we have here a message of high importance for our time. We have just been reviewing, and with thanksgiving, a quickened movement in our Christendom of to-day towards the large fellowship of united labour in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. But what good thing ever existed yet without its related call for watching and for balance? This instinct for co-operation is no exception to that law. A danger, deep and subtle, lurks under many of the main beneficial drifts of this age; a danger lest the individual, amidst the stir and sound of collective life around him, should seriously lose in his force, in his fulness, in his sacred sense of responsibility, his awed recognition of personal duty, that palladium of the citadel of his moral being. And lamentable would be the loss to the community if that risk should take wide effect in a deadening and slackness of character in the man.

Nor only so. There is a humbler and more prosaic peril attendant on our busy period. In an age of Congresses and of Conferences, this present year is eminently typical. The

summer just over has witnessed one long march of Anglican assemblies; and now, after earnest consultation, we have felt bound not to intermit the annual Congress even after such a summer. Here is a good thing, no doubt. It is calculated for splendid issues, this abundant public comparison and review of thoughts, experiences, hopes, and far-extended plans. But assuredly it brings with it a call to watching and to balance. I recall a remark of Charles Vaughan's, characteristic of his insight, quoted to me lately by one of his best disciples: "We confer so much that we have no time for practice."

My brethren and sisters in Christ, it is to practice, to the provision of time for practice, that with all reverence and humbleness I call you; to the practice of personal Christianity, above all, over against your own house, over against your own chamber. Get the clearest, and the most complete, and the most sympathetic views possible of the wall as a whole. But then get to work upon it over against your own life's chamber, over against your own life's home. For the sake of Church and of the

world begin, though you are certain not to end, at home.

Let me point my meaning by one great application. The air is full around us of complaint, of lamentation, over a decadence of common religion. The neglect of Scripture use, the decay of family piety, not least a rapid decline in that reverent keeping of the Lord's Day which quite lately was a primary note of English life, and which had incalculably much to do with the conservation of the true life of home—all these things are owned and are deplored.

Many a society exists, many a league, many an organization of intercession, for the abatement of these evils; and for such efforts let us give thanks to God. But there is still something else to do, brethren and sisters, for the Church, for the nation, for the world. It is to begin each at home, in the most literal sense possible to the words. It is to resolve afresh that in our own persons we will live counter to the bad fashions of the hour. It is to see to it, if we are parents (and here let me address, above all, young parents, with their homes and

families yet to shape and to inspire), that in our own house, whatever the whole world otherwise shall please to do, we will be true to godly traditions out and out. "As for me," and that phrase is magnificent in such a context—"as for me and for my house, we will serve the Lord."

Fathers, mothers, in this home-fostering Church of England, live out the Christian life at home. Father, let it be patent to your children that you worship God, that you reverently love Him, that His Word is holy to you, that His house is dear to you, that His table is your sacred delight, that His day is not your holiday but your holy day—or, rather, being your holy day, is therefore your perennial holiday, your day of a pure, cheerful liberty of spirit and a most companionable love, warmed with the love of Christ. Be the priest of your own family daily. Refuse the miserable fashion of the mischievous, idle, irresponsible "week-end" as the alternative to a Sunday spent amidst the duties and charities of the home, and of the home church and the home parish. Shun the evil custom of making no difference between the books and reading of the Sunday

and the week. No man can tell the loss which even mental freshness may suffer, let alone the spiritual hurt, from the failure to make such a demarcation, not illiberal, yet real. See to it for yourself that you forsake not the assembling of Christians together, you and yours. Be the punctual, the frequent, occupant of your place in that home of reverential gladness, our Anglican temple, the house of common worship, of common sacrament, and where hearts meeting to hear God's Word magnetically help each other's hearkening. Mother, begin anew to live always in your own person that life of incalculable worth, beauty, and spiritual greatness—a Christian mother's life at home. Build the wall precisely there. No one else can do it. "An ounce of mother," says a homely proverb, "is worth a pound of clergy." A great American Bishop lately, in my hearing, discussing the paucity of candidates for Holy Orders, gave as one reason for it, in his opinion, the decline of the religion of the mother's knee. Make sure, then, that, as for you and for your house, the religion of the mother's knee shall not decline. See to it that just at your angle

of the Church's ramparts good maternal work shall be built in; that your young ones shall learn from your lips, made irresistibly eloquent by your life, how to pray, how to reverence and love their Bible, how to find Church and Prayer Book to them dear with the tenderness of home.

You, parents, are the first and truest representatives of Christ to your families. Fulfil your Divine commission. Train them in His nurture and admonition. Imbue them with His ideals. Let them catch from Him through you the conviction in the dawn of life, a conviction broadening and brightening with its day, that God is real, that the unseen is fact, that duty is greater and sweeter than pleasure, purity than indulgence, obedience than petulance, godliness than gain; that their glorious call is to love and to serve; that they are created in order to leave a sad world and a sinful the better for their existence. Tell them something early of the sufferings and needs round them. Tell them of that vast exterior world where pagan and Moslem know not the blessed Name by which man lives. And you

shall not only be your Lord's evangelists for the children at home, you shall train in your measure a generation which shall make Church and nation glad as they, in their turn, pass your influence on.

I have done. Of my theme, the personal practice of the Christian life for the Church's sake, only one side has been touched. And almost nothing has been directly said of themes so vast and pressing as Church order and the reunion of our dislocated Christendom, and missionary enterprise, and mysteries of thought and faith and poverty and work. But I think my theme was given me, and it stands related to all others, for the individual and his life is, and must remain for ever, the inmost factor in the whole world's progress.

Let us arise, then, and yet again with a long and fruitful gaze review our large work and our host of fellow-workers, and then let us turn with new will and hope to the task over against our own life's door, in the name of the Master Builder and in the power of the Spirit of our God.

IV

ALL SAINTS' DAY

"The saints who are at Philippi."—PHIL. i. 1.

TO-MORROW is the day of All Saints. For quite a thousand years the Churches of the West have given the 1st of November to this great commemoration, illuminating the declining and darkening year with the spiritual splendour of the thought of these exalted multitudes who have outsoared our shadows into the light of God. For it is with the holy ones departed that the festival, beyond a doubt, was primarily from the first concerned. It contemplated the saints in that reference of the word, which is often its distinctive reference in the Bible, as where the Old Testament seer beholds "the Lord our God coming, and all the saints with Him," and where the Christian Apostle hails the same supreme prospect in its clearer and more articulate glory; "the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all His saints."

That reference passed into current language and normal use; we find it largely illustrated in Shakespeare, for example, and in Milton. And so the noble Collect of our Book, a prayer of the Reformation age, lifts us up to remember and to emulate the immortals; "Grant that we may follow Thy blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living."

It is well to listen year by year to this majestic *sursum corda*. The heart is raised and solemnized by a deliberate survey of that spiritual sky of stars, with its bright particular lights of every magnitude, and behind them the gleaming nebulosity of a multitude which no man can number, who never left a name to history but whose record is none the less on high. There shine together the forgotten martyrs of all ages, from the first to the nineteenth, and the confessors who have glorified God in no conspicuous deeds or sufferings but by the light of a blessed life lived upon the common earth and in the common day: men and women, young and old, gentle and simple, of every ordinary type and calling, transfigured by faith in the Son of God applied to each

little hour. To-morrow will help us to look up more habitually towards them all, and to find ourselves strengthened by the look. For the night of time is already gloriously cheered when we descry what the old hymn sublimely calls that "long cloud of witnesses," stretched across the darkness, bright with the eternal day.

But then all the more let us remember that the word saint, when we follow it through the Bible, above all through the New Testament, by no means most frequently connects itself with the holy dead, in "those heavenly habitations, where" (to use the words of the tenderest supplication of the Prayer Book) "the souls of them that sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity." Rather the word gravitates by scriptural usage towards the seen and the temporal for its setting. By a saint the Apostle commonly means a being altogether, as to conditions and surroundings, like ourselves. We read of "poor saints" who need pecuniary relief by Church collections; of "saints" whose feet, tired and bemired with travel, the pious widow washes; "saints"

resident and busy in town and city life, saints of Rome, and specially of Cæsar's household there, saints of Colossæ, of Thessalonica, and, as in the text, saints of Philippi. Not the Garden of God was the place of life for these latter, but the Roman military town, with its vices and superstitions, and its angry rabble, its shops and market, its court-house and its inner prison, One of those Philippian saints was a merchant-woman, another was governor of the gaol, another a recent victim of demoniacal possession, still, very likely, the chattel of the slave-owner. Yet to this whole company St. Paul gives, without reserve, the glorious name. There and then, in the thick of their Philippian life, they were all the saints of God.

Let us take up the word "saint" for this little while and recollect its genuine import. The study will prove as practical as possible. It will carry home to us some of the first principles of the Christian life, its seriousness, its responsibility, its call for the submission of the whole moral being to a sovereign claim, and, meanwhile and in connection, its noble

cheerfulness and the sunlight upon it of satisfaction and of hope.

"The saints who are at Philippi," the ἅγιοι there. What does the word ἅγιος mean? Taking together its etymology and its use, we find it conveying a blended and elevating notion of religious awe and of divine ownership. Kindred to ἅγος, it casts round its bearer the solemn halo or *aura* of a mysterious Presence, a contact with the Eternal. The invisible world has touched the man, and sympathized with him, and breathed itself into him. God has called him and drawn him near, into a personal connection.

Then also ἅγιος, by its usage, as well as in the light of the Hebrew word which in Scripture it represents, lends itself to the thought of separation, of detachment, to an ownership sovereign and supreme. The Lord has not only spoken to the man but has annexed him. The person not only worships but belongs. The Presence around him and above him imposes an absolute claim upon him. It bids him live no longer to himself but to his God, to his Redeemer Who has

bought him, to his Sanctifier Who occupies his soul.

Thus interpreted, the word saint, as in its other and heavenly reference, is indeed a great word and uplifting. It carries in it the powers of the world invisible, and the grandeur of the fact that the redeemed man's life is lived always and in the whole of it within the possessing hands of God. No lower significance satisfies the truth of the designation. Nothing can be more wide of that truth than to explain "saint" as a conventional synonym for the baptized Christian, and no more. To be sure, it is applied impartially to all the baptized; the Apostle here indicates by it evidently the whole membership of the missionary church. But this he does, as James Mozley long ago convincingly reasoned, not as if the word saint admitted into itself a secondary and inferior sense, a sense, as Pearson puts it, of "outward vocation and charitable presumption." Rather the "presumption" of the usage is that the people addressed are all what they all are called, that they are Christians indeed, to a man and to a woman, that they are redeemed beings

who have all responded to their redemption, that they have all felt in fact the power of the eternal Presence and its overawing love, that without exception they have yielded themselves to the divine Possessor and are appropriated to Him.

Yet meanwhile the word, thus exacting and exalted, is no remote and intangible term of an imaginative devotion. The Apostle means by it manifestly, as we have seen, something which can live, and labour, and suffer, in the common walk of life. He applies it without an effort to then modern mortal lives. For we can never remember too well, what the imagination is apt to forget, that the passing hour in all ages is always modern, and presents always its experiences to those who have to meet it without the slightest relief of atmosphere and distance. There never was a day that was old at the time; certainly there was not at Philippi. The pagan military colony of the Balkans in the year, say, 58, was at best as little friendly to a spiritual ideal as any Monastir or Salonica could seem to be to-day. Yet in that moral air, at once harsh and

pestilential, the saints did live and move, true factors in the scene. Neighbours among neighbours, they were linked by every bond of life to their surroundings ; none the less, nay, the more, Philippians for being saints, as they were none the less saints for being Philippians. They had felt the touch of God upon their spirits. They were separated internally to Him as His peculiar, His own possession. But, therefore, in a way absolutely new and wonderful, they found Him around them in the world, and they served the world for Him, in a life perfectly practical in its activities while perfectly divine in its inner law.

Such homely saintship, as we know, was the traditional habit of the primeval Church. Some seventy years later than the date of our text, it was the strange sunlight of a celestial life shed upon the common path which moved the soul of Aristides and prompted his appeal to Antoninus. In his wonderful sketch of the Christians of the second century I find no allusion whatever to ascetic rigours and seclusions, nor again to supernatural displays, to unknown tongues and sudden healing miracles.

But the observer stood awed and magnetically attracted before the people who, without pretension, without self-consciousness, but with the large facility of a new nature, were always true, and always pure, and always kind, in ordinary intercourse, glad and thankful before their God, in everything, faultlessly faithful in each relative duty of life, ready every day for a happy death, by nature or by martyrdom.

My brethren, the apostolic succession of the saints is the same still in its idea, and it can be the same still in its realization. Now also it is modern times, and a thousand conditions adverse to the bright ideal surround us, without relief by atmosphere and distance. They meet us and encumber us everywhere, conditions coarse and crude, conditions subtle and altogether of the mind, hostile to the life of God in man. But there is not one of them that, as to its essence, was not present and in power when the Church was new. Think of that profound and melancholy unrest of minds, those old beliefs everywhere in decay, material force asserting a collective tyranny over the individual, a wild lust of pleasure, a soulless

culture, selfish, exaggerated, and impure, a monstrous wealth, a helpless and enormous poverty, an almost ubiquitous degeneration. Yet the saintship of men touched by the presence of God and separated to His possession was not only possible then; it formed the one living omen of hope for the whole of society and of polity. It was a power working already for public regeneration through multiplied regenerations of wills and lives.

As then, so now. Take our period for the moment at its worst, as if its evil were the whole of it. Suppose it just now to be nothing but an age in which moral foundations are shaken, in which society appears less and less even nominally Christian, casting off the traditions of public and of private godliness, faith in divine revelation, reverential worship, the use of Scripture, the accent of prayer. Think of it as if it was only an age of jealous and competing nations, when commerce itself is arming heavily for war. Think of it as if always and everywhere it was troubled by that most miserable warfare of class with class, which can generate more than the anger of

international battle, with none, none whatever, of its generous reliefs. Think of our time as only a period threatened by the increase of the least wholesome ranks of the population and the decline in numbers of the sounder. Think of it as if it felt universally a weakening of individual courage and of the conviction that personal duty is supreme, and this with the approbation of a deadly theory, according to which the community, that is to say, the bureau, shall take autocratic charge of the personal life all round. Think of it as if our inveterate intemperance, against which just now the Church is pressing over the whole country a "Forward Movement," for which I bespeak all your sympathy, were not only prevalent but universal. Think of the whole interacting forces of social evil as if they were running unchecked to a fullness of iniquity. Yet even so, even if public mischief made our whole position, as in God's mercy it does not, there would only be the more need then, in the Philippi of our England, for the saints of God.

My brethren, you who are still in the vernal

morning of youth, but already on the borders of the fullness of English life, soon to be the working and governing generation, let me speak direct to you. For the sake of your own true selves, for the sake of society, of our country (sacred name), of the world, with its immeasurable needs, I call you all in the name of Christ to the greatness, perfectly practical and perfectly divine, of a Philippian saintship. You have, every one of you, the least advantaged of you, if only by your part and lot in Cambridge, large faculties for the true service of your time. Some of you have exceptional and noble faculties for it—intellect keen or luminous, physique splendid with health and power, strength and patience of will, genial and winning sympathies; some of you, material wealth. And though the love of money, as the divine Word warns us, is a root of all evil, the use of money, as a true-hearted saint will use it, can be, of course, a seed of all good. My friends, I call you all in our Lord's own name to make all your golden talents indefinitely greater by giving them, because you give yourselves, to Him for His work for man. I

invite you to embrace the ideal, at once so modest and so magnificent, of a life whose formative principle shall be that we belong to others, because first, supremely first, we belong to our Lord Jesus Christ. I summon you to "possess your possessions" with a new mastery and joy, by bringing them, with yourselves, to His feet. There you will learn to use them with all the power of an ambition, personal, yet pure as heaven, because for Him. There you will never forget that your whole being, with all it owns and holds, is a trust, always a trust, for you are always His. There, adjusted to God, you will realize, and only there, something of the possibilities of the personality which is the shadow and image of His, and you will spend what you realize with an always greater gladness. There you will become saints, not robed and aureoled in minster windows, but living lights of help and hope in a greatly needing world.

"The saints of God, their conflict past!" It is good for us to salute them, some of them dear unspeakably to ourselves, gathered

together in their glorious rest on high. But they all were first the saints of some Philippi here below, as we are called to be to-day. They were all once true men and true women hallowed by the eternal Presence here, and separated and surrendered here to the possession and the uses of their King.

V

LENT

"Ye greatly rejoice, though ye are in heaviness."
1 PETER i. 6.

HERE is a paradox, one of the many paradoxes possible in the workings of that strange organism, the human heart. It gives us the same persons, not at successive times, but at one time and the same, occupied and moved by joy and heaviness, or, to keep closer to the Greek of St. Peter's original, by joy and pain.

The possibility of the paradox is a fact of experience. Few of us who have watched our own inner history will have failed to find some illustration in ourselves; we shall recollect moments, or hours, or longer times, when the same events, or the same thoughts, cast sunshine and shadow at once upon the spirit, and laughter and tears came along with one another. It was not that opposed emotions were in conflict. Rather, one emotion was dropped and

melted into another, to give it a new and tenderer quality. Sorrow was infused into joy to make it more ethereal; joy into sorrow to impart to it a strange sweetness, a solemn charm of beauty and of hope.

The paradox is not only a matter of general human experience, it is specially Christian, too, as we see in the text. "Sorrowful yet always rejoicing," is St. Paul's record of his own wonderful inner life. And the deep words of the Lord Jesus Himself, on the night of the Betrayal, suggest the like mysterious fusion, where He says to His faithful disciples, "Your sorrow shall be turned into joy"; as if the joy were an element latent in the fount of tears, ready in due time to well up and transmute it into the new wine of the festival of heaven.

We are well advanced in Lent, but not too far to pause and think anew of the significance and blessings of the season. It is with the hope of bringing some help to a full Christian use of Lent that I have read to you to-day this text of paradox. The annual forty days, traditional now for ages in vast regions of Christendom, dedicated in a special way to

penitence and discipline, and closed by the glories of the victory of the Cross, offer to us a great occasion for turning this paradox into a fair and fruitful experience. The season has much to do, of course, with heaviness and pain, for it is meant to deepen every true and wholesome thought of the crime of sin, and of its untold moral peril as the bondage and pollution of the inner man. It is meant to leave us sobered and solemnized for all our future over that mystery of wrong within us, which is also a fact so hard and heavy. It is meant to call us off from poor conventional acknowledgments of our evil, forgotten almost before they are made, and to teach us what it is to say in spirit and in truth, "God, be merciful to me, and put away my guilt, and save me from myself." Our Church, with a voice, as always, gentle and tolerant, and mindful as always of individual Christian liberty, calls us to quiet our restless and inattentive souls, and deepen their moral insights, and give them a fuller consciousness of eternity, by some special restraints upon amusement and upon indulgence, for the sake of thought and prayer. It is not for merit's

sake; God forbid. It is not with the miserable anticipation of returning with new zest to a worldlier life when Lent is over. It is that we may bring ourselves down spiritually upon our knees before the Holy One, and there learn better what is meant by our fall, and by our need, and by His awful purity and moral glory, and by His claim upon our whole being for His own.

There is need for such a season, more need than ever, in just these times of ours. Few thoughtful hearts can help a sense of haunting anxiety over the decay in common modern life of anything like a sense of sin. The sense of duty, let alone the sense of sin, is far from what it was, unless men who like myself can compare a good many years in the balances of memory are quite mistaken. It used to be said that the Church Catechism kept duty to the front in the Englishman's thoughts, as other influences kept glory there for the Frenchman, and Fatherland for the German. But I am afraid that despite all our recent battles for distinctive religious education in theory, there is vastly less teaching of the

Catechism now than thirty years ago, particularly in cultivated homes, and in the schools to which boys and girls of such homes are sent. Very lately I was told of a schoolmaster, working for such scholars, who was expressly asked, so he said, by a large number of parents, to avoid all definite religious teaching. I suppose it was under the fashionable dread of narrowness; it certainly was to the utmost peril of character. No wonder that the sense of sin under such conditions has practically vanished, over large areas of society. Indefinite beliefs about God are absolutely certain to result in indefinite beliefs about morals. The thought of the guilt of sin, of its being anything whatever of the sort which must be answered for at a judgment-seat, which can incur displeasure in the spiritual world and on its throne, and bring down judgment there upon the offender, dies of inanition when the mind holds no fixed idea of a holy God at all. The thought that sin, the sin of acts, of words, of temper, of desire, is moral slavery, and moral corruption and disease, passes equally into nothing when man has no grasp upon the living nearness of

an Eternal Possessor, who is also the Eternal Companion, hater of iniquity, yet lover of the soul.

So life drifts into habits and principles non-moral, if not worse. So comes in the terrible frequency with which the most primary of common duties are scouted or forgotten. So Sunday is given to sheer indolence or sheer pleasuring, without one passing thought of duty, not only to God but to man. So the tradesman or tradeswoman is kept waiting, perhaps by the great lady, for the payment of just and long-standing debts, in a way and to a degree as cruel and as unrighteous as possible. So unlawful affections in married life are indulged, not in fiction only, but in fact, to an extent which suggests pagan rather than Christian times and standards. In a very different region (but it is a symptom of the same deep cancer), a journal of somewhat revolutionary politics can frankly say that the party worker burdened with scruples of conscience "is not worth his salt and is better out of the way." These are extremes, no doubt; but extremes are symptoms of a

mean which may be only too poisonous to those who have to breathe the air of current modern life.

There is need for Lent, then, if Lent is seriously and spiritually used. Six weeks are not too long for a deliberate special discipline of habits, and renewed and more definite recollection of eternal verities; above all, of a holy God, who is eternal moral Law impersonate, and of a Divine Redeemer Who, for us sinners and our salvation, came down from heaven, was made man, and suffered, immeasurably beyond our thought, because we had gone astray. Lent is a time not too long to be inserted for such purposes into a modern twelvemonth.

May it be of profound service to us all this year. May it find us at the end filled with a keener consciousness of the evil of our hearts and the moral failures of our conduct; kneeling lower than ever at the mercy-seat of Christ; readier than ever to make the prayer of the publican our own, in all its pregnant brevity, "God, be merciful to me the sinner."

But our paradox in the text has its other

side. "Ye are in heaviness"; "ye are put to pain"; this we have considered. But on the other hand, you, the same persons, and you at the same time, such is the meaning of St. Peter, "Greatly rejoice."

My reading of this side of the double experience of the Christian, as I apply it to the true use of Lent, is this. If we take Lent into our lives as true Christians should, with some clear gaze upon the fullness of the truth of Christ, we are to see to it that in Lent Christian penitence is suffused and made beautiful all through with Christian gladness. Lent is a quiet avenue, at the end of which is visible the atoning Cross, glorified in the eternal sunrise-light of Easter. That wonderful object is meant to be full in view all along the avenue, and to irradiate all its steps. Let me speak without picture and metaphor. The Cross of Christ, where our redemption was perfected, is meant to be present always and everywhere, and therefore all through Lent, in the rest and joy of faith, to the penitent Christian's heart. The Resurrection of Christ, in which His victory and our deliverance were proclaimed

to earth and heaven, in which they who believe in Him are risen with Him, and through Him can each say with deliberate exultation, "Thanks be to God Who giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ"—this is to be a fact new and immortal for the believer always and therefore now, even in the hour of penitential humiliation.

There is need to recollect heartily this radiant side of the paradox if we are to reap all its blessing from the season. Too often, by far, it is forgotten, and not least in our hymns. Some of them, if they mean anything, if the singers of them are serious, and not merely occupied with conventional phrases and the tune, imply that Lent is to be a doleful time, spent under conditions not of the Gospel but of the Law, a discipline of darkness, and misgivings, and tormenting fears. Beyond it, but not till then—beyond it, and as it were won and merited by it, the Gospel is to be recovered, and the peace of God felt again; the Christian may then think and feel at length as one who can be happy in his Lord.

But this is something quite different from

apostolic Christianity, and the teaching of the Christ Himself. Take the New Testament and examine it again, as if it were a new discovery; and then ask what its whole message is about the peace and joy of faith. "These things I have spoken, that My joy should abide in you, and that your joy should be full"; "Your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you"; "We rejoice in hope of the glory of God"; "We rejoice, receiving the atonement"; "They did eat their meat with gladness and with singleness of heart"; "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, rejoice." This is no matter of single precepts only, or happy incidents. It belongs to the inmost genius of the message and the work and life of Christ. The soul of the Gospel is liberty and light. It has its sacred accidents, of course, but *that* is its essence. It bears its witness, as nothing else does, to the awfulness of transgression and to the spiritual wholesomeness of the contrite heart, and calls us in God's own name to a watchful and disciplined conduct and character. But these sacred things are never meant for one hour to form the causative

soul of the Christian ideal. *That* lies wholly in the divine certainties of forgiveness, and love, and access with confidence to the inmost presence by faith in Christ, and the hope, sure and steadfast, of a blessed immortality with Him. The dark room is necessary to the development of the sun-picture; but it is an incident only between the action of the sun and the manifestation of its potency. The essential is the sun, the gloom is but subsidiary. The essential in the Christian life is the open light and heat of the Sun of Righteousness, changing the beholder into His image.

Do we hear enough of this supreme aspect of the spiritual life in our current teaching? Do we not need to reiterate to ourselves, without too many anxious qualifications and provisos, such great words of light as these? "Their sins and their iniquities I will remember no more"; "We have redemption in His blood, the remission of our sins"; "There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus"; "He that believeth in Me hath eternal life"; "Thanks be to God Who giveth us the victory";

"We are more than conquerors through Him that loved us."

The Gospel supremely glorifies the moral Law and makes it honourable. But it does so not by being itself a glorified law, a sublimer code, a severer discipline. It does so by being the revelation of the Son of God and of His Spirit, by whom the believer possesses a divine peace before his Judge, and a divine power over his enemy and the world and himself. It is his secret for a love of law, for a worship of it, impossible on any lower level than that of the revealed salvation. It is the motive, full of the force of life, which makes discipline for better service not a burthen but a blessedness. But it is itself just the message of pure light and peace.

Come then, my brethren, and let us walk through Lent with humble yet with happy hearts. Let it be to us like that fair Valley of Humiliation where Bunyan's Pilgrims were so glad to sojourn. "It consisteth much," so we read, "in meadows. It is a green valley, and beautified with lilies. In former times men have met with angels here, have found

pearls here, and have in this place found the words of life." Yes, Lent, the spiritual spring-time of the Church's year, the Lent of the sacred seasons, should be to us in the sphere of grace, like its counterpart in Nature, a period of broadening lights, and a chastened warmth of air, and tender opening flowers of lowly faith, and the rising songs of birds of love and hope, come down to us from the garden of God. Lent may prove to us a valley at once of Baca and of Eshkol, if we use it for such exercise of discipline and worship as shall deepen our sense of the wonder of mercy, but all the while keep us in such sight of the all-redeeming Lord and such company with Him as shall turn evermore the mercy into consecrated joy.

The glorious saint who wrote my text once —nay, thrice, after tenderest and most insistent warnings—denied his Lord, calling down anathema on himself if he knew the Man. Assuredly Peter was all his life a penitent; he lived a perpetual Lent of holy sorrows over that unspeakable memory. But if ever there was a life also of holy gladness, it was his. A

heart full of rest and full of joy beats through all his memoirs in the Acts and all his writings in the two Epistles that bear his name. For he always knew, he always saw, he always believed, the greatness of his pardon and the loving glory of his Master.

VI

THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES

"To preach among the nations the unsearchable riches of Christ."—EPH. iii. 8.

I STAND here to-day in the ministry of the Word of God with a special, though not an exclusive, recollection of the congregation of the University. The academic year again is closing, and again I obey my brethren's call to preach, with that date in mind.

What shall I do with an opportunity so precious? The moments are weighty with the fact that the hearers are all, inevitably, centres of future influence in a particular degree. The theme must be proportioned to that thought. It must be worthy of the earnest and deliberate attention of men, cultivated and Christian, looking out from a college upon the work of life.

Let me speak to you, then, concerning an historical event which is just about to take

place, and which may well in days to come be looked back upon as an epoch. At least on its face it is a thing large enough to challenge thoughtful notice. It is such that it may very possibly carry a call not to the mind only but to the will, awaking in the student's soul the question uttered long ago, in a memorable hour, by a very great student indeed, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

My theme is the "World Missionary Conference," about to begin in Edinburgh, and to which already greetings have been prepared from both our Convocations. Its first session will be held the day after to-morrow, and then for a fortnight the discussions will continue. In scale the assembly will be large. The delegates, of whom I have the high honour to be one, number many hundreds, enough to fill to the doors, I believe, a great public hall in the northern capital. They will be eminently representative. No one will be there who has not some special title, endorsed by election or nomination, to sit in council concerning the work of missions. Practically all civilized nationalities will be represented among them,

from the rising to the setting sun. Our much divided Christendom will so far meet in their persons that from a vast number of religious communities, and from widely varying schools of opinion, there will assemble those whose differences are, some of them, profound, but who alike confess the Redeemer as their Lord and God, and desire to carry out His command to bear His name, to convey its wealth unsearchable, to all the nations.

The sessions will not be spent upon rhetoric, nor wasted in undisciplined conversations. Laborious work has for long months been doing by Committees of experts, each dealing with a department of the vast main matter. In many of these distinguished men of our own (the Bishop of Birmingham, for example, as chairman of one Committee) have been taking their part. Their Reports are already in our hands, each a monument of skilled and comprehensive labour. The discussions will be equally animated and controlled by such materials.

Mingled with the sessions will be held services of devotion and intercession. The

aim all through will be to bring together the forces of experience, knowledge, and living faith, the better to understand the problem how to preach among the nations, how to convey to their thought, how to infuse into their life, how to make operative for their largest blessing, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Manifold will be the topics in detail. It will not be forgotten that if the nations are to be evangelized they must above all be understood, so as to be approached with the sympathies as well as the energies of the Gospel. The problem of ethnic faiths and their relation to the Christian faith will be abundantly in mind. So will be the phenomenon, now everywhere upon us, of the unrest and the aspirations of the nations; the new environments of the missionary enterprise thus created; the new adjustments and applications of the message; the better economy of forces and resources; the lessons for our own thought yielded from the vast arena of the campaign.

The organizers of this great council hope for many things as its results. They are careful to avoid ecclesiastical controversy, while they

recognize, with respect and with the utmost explicitness, the fact of ecclesiastical differences. But they think that the cause of ultimate unity is sure to be helped peacefully forward by the fact of such conference and converse upon common grounds of faith and life. They hope, and they pray, that in all the Christian communities represented a new impulse to missionary zeal will be given from Edinburgh, so that the present sorrowful and dangerous sight shall soon be seen no more :—the nations wonderfully opening their gates to the missionary, and Christendom actually sending fewer missionaries in than she sent in twenty-five years ago. All our missionary methods, they hope, will be directed more scientifically than ever upon their purposes. Every race and every region will be better known, and approached with larger results because with a more instructed zeal. The spiritual lights, however cold and pale, which may be latent or patent in pagan faiths, will be better seen and owned, but only so that the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ may the more surely claim them

and absorb them in the infinitely purer and warmer glory of itself. For upon this converge all the hopes and consultations of the Conference of Edinburgh. Its preparations have covered great regions of study and enquiry; national conditions, and problems of climate, and political relations, and comparison of religions. But all these are but the scaffold to the structure of its true purpose. That purpose is nothing less than this, to proclaim among the nations, among that huge half of the race of man which as yet needs a first evangelization, the unsearchable riches of Christ.

My brethren, it is upon that immense and magnificent ideal that I ask to fix your attention in this brief appeal. What is it after all which gives its true reason to the enterprise of Missions? You know how often that enterprise is belittled, criticized, sometimes satirized, sometimes openly condemned. Not the Gallios only who do not care for any form of religion at all, but, wonderful to say, quite orthodox people, creditable worshippers, devout communicants, can turn from the Missionary appeal with repugnance, even with animosity. They tell us that we have too many

pagans at home; that there is truth in all religions; that it does more harm than good to disturb the devotees of the East or of the South in their beliefs about the unseen.

There are many things to be said in answer. There is the appeal to facts of non-Christian life; there are the glorious examples of the saints, missionaries and converts; there are the broad regions won through missionary successes to civilization and peace; there are the plain precepts of the Lord, which alone are all-sufficient. But to-day I bring up before you this one thing, this one question to the Christian's soul; do you believe that there is such a thing in existence as the unsearchable riches of Christ?

Think of the phrase, and of its connotation. The matter is not the virtues of a higher culture, the diffusion of a better ethical ideal, the uplift of society, the conciliation of races. It is the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Is there such a Person, is there such a fact, as the Christ, the Messiah, the Hope of Israel, the Hope of Man, the Promise whose coming shone far off till Himself the Fulfilment was

revealed, to live, to die, to live again? Is it a structural, a central thing in human history that nineteen ages ago there moved before human eyes, there spoke in human ears, and made a lodgment of Himself infinitely deep in human spirits, a Personage altogether unique, commonly known as Jesus Christ our Lord? Is it fact that the artless records of His life, death, character, mind, self, of His words and works, His love, joy, sorrow, victory, have moved man over a width, and far more than that, into an unfathomed depth, to which it is idle and trivial to compare any other personal influence whatever? Is it no more than reason to say that not even the best first Christians were in the least capable of inventing and creating the picture of this Personage; in short, that to imagine out a Jesus Christ, a Jesus Christ must be invoked? Is it certain, except to an arbitrary hypercriticism, that within His own generation He was at once and equally the well-known member of a Galilean home, a man familiarly remembered, and also the Conqueror of death, the Prince of immortality, the Life of men, the Everlasting Son of God? Is it

certain, and on ample evidence, that these amazing concurrent persuasions—the persuasions that the carpenter of Nazareth was indeed biographically human, and was also the King of Heaven, the second Man, the Incarnate God—were, to those who held them, not monstrous and maddening tyrants of the mind, but a power which is altogether for soberness, and purity, and wisdom, and a large heart, and a constructive force, and a hallowing hope? Is it morally certain, therefore, that those beliefs rose not from the region of delusions and frenzies, but descended from the sphere of transcendent and serene reality? Is it certain that this Christ overcame death in His whole being? Is any other account to be reasonably given of the existence of any temple for the worship of His victorious Name—Durham Cathedral, for example? Are these things to our highest reason—that is, to our whole selves brought to bear on the apprehension of them—certainties enough to constitute a rock-platform capable of sustaining, say, the Nicene Creed, and the Eucharistic feast of death and life?

Then, is it too much to say of this Jesus

Christ our Lord, that if He is anything whatever worth naming He is immeasurably much, not for a man here and there, or a race here and there, but for man? For man made in God's image, man the great mystery, man the great ruin, man the sinner, the burden-bearer, the mourner—man in his difficult life, on his dying bed, by the sad grave of his beloved—this Jesus Christ is, for us men and for our salvation, unsearchable riches.

But if so, have we any right to withhold man's unsearchable riches from the clasp of his needy hands, from the fruition of his famished while immortal soul?

Answer, you that have any knowledge, even the least, of this Lord Jesus Christ for yourselves. Answer, you that have found in Him Incarnate your one credible and satisfying vision of the face of God; you that have found in Him sacrificed your one and your most wonderful peace of soul before the eternal Judge; you that have found in His "It is I" an answer to your doubts deeper and more final than all the philosophies; you that have found in His unspeakable Companionship the

power to meet all temptations and to endure, aye, to give thanks underneath, all sorrows. Answer, from the depth of hearts which, knowing Christ as sincerely as you know yourselves, know that which the unknown can never shake. Say to yourselves, and say to others in any way you can, that we must not, we dare not, refuse to carry to the nations the unsearchable riches of this Lord Jesus Christ.

> "Shall we to man benighted
> This Lamp of Life deny?"

No, it cannot be. We will first give God thanks afresh for His gift unspeakable, His wealth unsearchable. And then we will see that, as far as in us lies, that wonderful Name shall be known on earth, that saving Health among all the nations.

VII
CHRISTIAN VIRTUE

"If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—PHIL. iv. 8.

MY theme this morning is Christian virtue. I wish to say something of its glory and its praise, and then of the gracious secret for power and purity which makes the practice of it by us men in this world magnificently possible. The occasion suggests to me the theme. I am called to minister the Word here not only as to the general congregation but with a special remembrance of the presence of the University. That remembrance might, to be sure, suggest to me the topic of the sacredness of the mind, and the relation of all true study to the Father of Lights and to the archetypal Wisdom, infinite and personal, which was with Him before the worlds. But I have been moved to take this other line, as I have reflected how a University, so it is worthy of its idea, is just as

truly a school of character as of intellect. A Christian University exists supremely to equip, and to dismiss into the work of life, educated embodiments of Christian virtue.

The word virtue is rare in the dialect of the apostles. In St. John it nowhere appears. St. Peter uses it twice, and in two of those places it denotes the excellences not of man but of God. St. Paul uses it here only. Lightfoot comments on this scarcity in his note upon this place, with his usual weight and force. He traces it to the apostle's instinctive feeling that the word virtue had in his day gathered around it so closely the pagan idea of a self-dependent human strength that it did not lend itself freely to signify that Christian goodness which owns God only for its secret, and receives His moral power humbly and on its knees. So at least I understand the great commentator's mind. And it is true, it is a truth of living significance, that the inmost essence of Christianity is such that its strength—say rather the strength of Christ, who is Christianity—is perfected in weakness. It demands a complete reconciliation, a penitence and an abnegation abhorrent

to the old pagan morals, as the one possible receptacle for its victorious grace. The God of the Gospel giveth grace not to the masculine but to the humble. He abases to exalt. And such is the exaltation, so little like the crown of a selfish ambition, that the Christian life which is most strong and entire is always found to bear in its heart the tender graces of the broken and the contrite spirit.

Yet this one place of St. Paul is enough to remind us that virtue, detached from unhallowed connotations, is a word grandly capable of hallowing. It is a term which only needs to be rightly related to grace to receive upon it the beauty of holiness.

What does the word virtue indicate essentially? Alike by etymology and by progressive stages of use, it has come to mean goodness in its aspect of discipline, resolve, and vigour. It intimates the dominance, in the virtuous character, of moral truth and rectitude, including eminently the rectitude of purity; and the decisive repudiation of the untrue and the impure. It is possible to conceive of lives which may display many laudable qualities, and yet

be weak in truth and the resolution to be pure. The amiable, the compassionate, the affectionate, may be largely present in the person, and yet he may fail in an instinct for truth and in reverence for what is pure. And I do not think that such a character, whatever its many charms, would ever be labelled virtuous. No, that great word demands inexorably the presence, ruling and vital, of what I may call the sterner goodnesses, the qualities which answer to the idea not of the pleasing but of the rightful. The virtuous man, the virtuous woman, is nothing if not truthful, nothing if not resolutely pure. Virtue is goodness armed, and ready for the march, the vigil, and the battle. Virtue is loyalty to a stainless King, fidelity to His righteous law. Not for one moment need it be harsh, unkindly, violent; its glory goes when it forgets that "law of kindness" which the splendid picture of noble womanhood, that closes the great Book of Proverbs, assumes to govern the lips of the "virtuous woman." But its attitude even so is fidelity to a law. Virtue will continually take the form of kindness, and will speak on every possible occasion

with the accent of kindness; only, it will do so not merely because this is pleasant, but because it is supremely right.

Thus virtue, analyzed to its essential, proves itself true to its etymology, *vir*, *virtus*. It is distinctively the excellence of strength and manly valour. It is the true quality of the "faithful *soldier* and servant" of righteousness, and not least of that righteousness which means an entire correspondence of will and working to the Divine edict and watchword of purity.

It may be man that is virtuous, it may be woman. But in either case it is the *virile* element of the common humanity that comes out in virtue. It is virtue when the will, against a thousand pleas of expediency and of ease, decides for duty against gain, against selfish pleasure, against a comfortable drift down the stream of unworthy popular opinion or popular practice. It is virtue which says, perhaps with the whole world of a man's society on the other side, that this must be my choice, for the solitary reason that it is right. It was virtue when the three Hebrew youths said that they would not bow before the despot's golden idol.

It was virtue, raised to rapture, when Stephen charged his judges with high treason against their Lord Messiah. It was virtue when Polycarp, aged and alone, refused to rail against his Saviour King, *τὸν βασιλέα μου τὸν σώσαντά με.* It was virtue when the young Augustinian friar, Luther, defenceless before Emperor and Empire, with an absolute modesty but with a resolve unshakable, said: "Here stand I; I cannot otherwise: so help me God."

And it is virtue when the young Christian man, the young Christian woman, of to-day takes a straight line across that drift and undertow of evil, in whatever form, which draws the soul from truth, from reverence, from purity, from the fear of God, from the love and law of Christ, from watchful discipline of habits down to the commonest and the homeliest things, from a noble and most manful Puritanism as regards the lying counsels of the powers of darkness which deride or belittle the sinfulness of sin, and say that ye shall not surely die. It is virtue which sets itself absolutely, and without reserve or phrase, against anything and everything which turns the edge of the soul's

perceptions of the glory and the vitality of whatsoever things are true, and honourable, and just, and pure, and lovable, and of good report.

Such virtue is nothing whatever but New Testament morality in disciplined action. In the apostolic writings nothing is so wonderful, next to their development of the central glory of Redemption, the Person and the Work of the incarnate, sacrificed, and risen Redeemer, as their presentation of the *moral* which sprung, at once and full-grown, from the supreme and saving Fact of Christ. It was the remark of a shrewd American that the Bible is a book in which, sink your shaft of enquiry where you will, you find "*Do right*" at the bottom. The words touch with homely truth a phenomenon which shines always the more impressive and significant the more it is pondered. I mean that the transcendent miracle of the Christ of God does but touch the earth, and lo! it gathers up all the preparatory ethics, heaven-taught, yet partial, of law-giver and prophets, and blends them into a doctrine of virtue entire and absolute, a law instinct with life, a

morality which man may for ever understand better and practise better, but will never transcend. And this was no esoteric teaching, the privilege of a favoured circle, a philosophy for the wise and prudent. It was taught, and hailed, and realized by that wonderful rank and file of the first believers who were, every one of them, sons and daughters of daily toil and duty, and of whom a multitude were slaves, beings embedded in the ground-stratum of the corrupted social structure of a decadent civilization. Around them everywhere was wrong and pollution, habitual and accepted. But somehow they began at once to live the life of impartial virtue. They broke as Christians with untruth, with craft and guile, with greed and oppression, with all impurity. The radiant beauty of the Christian home arose, as if called up by a celestial incantation, out of the miry desert of social evil. The earth was peacefully invaded by a new race of men and women, no dreamers, genuine people, of their own place and time, only transfigured from within by an instinct, new-born and all-pervading, for unselfish and unwavering virtue.

Read the moral passages of the Pauline

Epistles; of Romans, Corinthians, Ephesians, Philippians, Thessalonians. It is everywhere the same. The word virtue occurs once only, as we have seen. The thing, and in its perfectness, is everywhere assumed as the law of life, welcomed into hourly practice, as obviously, as self-evidently good.

That law was nothing short of total abstinence from evil; no more lying, no more theft or over-reaching; nothing more of pollution in speech or act. These things are simply dropped and done with. In their room, vacant and clean, the one simple, positive law takes possession: "Ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves and towards all men."

We know that all this was no vain vision of an unpractical optimism. Take one piece of evidence to that effect. Some sixty years later, when Pius was on the Roman throne, in the Apology of Aristides there appears an outsider's picture of current Christian life, and that picture shows holy virtue realized to a degree which the undue prominence in Church history of the dreary phenomena of early heresy and schism lets us too easily forget. What does this observer write, in honest admiration, for

the information of the pagan Emperor? "The Christians, O King, do not commit adultery or fornication; they do not bear false witness; their wives are pure, their daughters are modest; their men abstain from all unlawful wedlock and from all impurity; they walk in all humility and kindness, and falsehood is not found among them. Thus they run the course of their lives. And because they acknowledge the goodness of God towards them, lo! on their account there flows forth the beauty that is in the world."

My brethren, it is a noble picture. But it is, after all, nothing but Virtue, converted and believing; the Christian character lived out. It is better, is it not? than what we are sometimes invited to to-day by even respectable voices — a more elastic morality, an ethical modernism? It is a better thing, it is infinitely greater and freer than that, to follow those first bearers of the Christian name, and to purify ourselves even as the Lord is pure. Yes, if there be any virtue, let us think upon it indeed, till we endure in ourselves no compromise in the stainless Puritanism of faith.

And you know that we may do so. The virtuous men and women of St. Paul's day, and of the later day of Aristides, lived out their white and happy course in a secret which is ours, for it is eternal. He who was their Law was also their Life. The secret of their victorious virtue was the grace of God, that is to say, the God of grace in them, working out through them the willing and the doing which made their path a shining light, broadening to the perfect day. By faith in Christ, their rest and refuge, their victory and triumph, they walked in simplicity and at liberty on heights of loving virtue which the best Stoics could not climb. Thanks be to God Who gave them the victory through their Lord Jesus Christ.

Wherefore, friends in that same Christ, the same in their yesterday and in our to-day, let us be immovable on virtue's side. Contrite and repentant to the last, but now and to the end expectant of continuous conquest over evil and for good, let us cleanse ourselves in flesh and in spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God. Amen.

VIII

THE SACREDNESS OF MINISTRY TO THE BODY

"Your bodies are the limbs of Christ; . . . glorify God in your body."—1 Cor. vi. 15, 20.

The words occur in a connection at once mystical and practical in the highest degree. The great missionary and pastor is laying it upon his Corinthian converts to lead, absolutely and without reserve, a life of moral cleanness. They were citizens of a most unclean city, a focus and shrine of vice, eminently bad in a region and in an age of the deepest ethical decadence. They had quite lately been members themselves of its current and common life. They had grown up in an atmosphere where the satisfaction of lust was regarded as nearly, if not wholly, as normal a thing as the satisfaction of hunger. But they were to set themselves all the same to live a life not of relative but of entire moral cleanness; and they were to be sure that they could do it. The impossible

was to be attacked as lying definitely within their power. And how? On principles as mystical as you please, but which none the less were magnificently calculated for victory. They were to remember and to rely on the blessed Christ Who for them had clothed His transcendent Personality in human flesh, had lived in it a truly human life, had died in it an awfully human death, had penetrated and conquered death in bodily resurrection, and had revealed Himself as now eternally alive in a glorified yet veritable humanity. And now in it He lived for them, and lived in them, and could pour through them, in response to their appeal, the power of His presence, divine and human. So He could make them more than themselves, more than conquerors in Him over the devil and over the world, and over that tremendous, ruinous weakness of the flesh.

They were not to be afraid of Corinth, because of this transcending yet indwelling Son of God and of man. In Corinth, yes; but first in Christ. In the body, yes; but first in Christ.

And thus they were not to be afraid of their body. Apart from Christ they might indeed shudder and despair amidst the sensual and sexual temptations around them, which they well knew could burst up from beneath within them as the earthquake strikes upward at the foundations of a tower. But in Christ not only was the body not to be an evil, not to prove a clogging and fettering obstacle; it was to be a sacred thing. It was articulated spiritually to the humanity of their incarnate Lord. It was the temple of His Spirit; it was to be the ready organ of their emancipated will; they were to present it a living sacrifice to their Possessor to be their implement in His service. "Your bodies are the limbs of Christ; glorify God in your body."

To the best of my belief, it is one of the splendid paradoxes distinctive of the Biblical faith that it thus honours and exalts the body. There have been and there are types of religious thought which, on widely differing principles, treat the body as essentially a thing of evil, or again as a thing of nought. The Gnostic teachers, so called, of the early Christian

period, half within the Church and half outside, varying from one another in a multitude of speculative details, all agreed in condemning the body, because they condemned all things material, and consigning it to the category of irremediable badness. The pure spirit imprisoned within it could never, they taught, improve it. It might wear it thin with ascetic rigour, and so relieve the dead weight. Or, on the contrary, it might let it alone, to live its base life in sensual indulgence, while the exalted Ego soared and expatiated aloft. But the body was always and only a bad accident of the true being.

Another sort of thought, ancient but also as modern as possible, is fain to treat the body as a thing of nought, a phantasm, an illusion, the figment of the mind. The mind on this theory gains its supreme spiritual victory when, transcending the clamorous evidence of the senses, it affirms that nothing exists, really and ultimately, but the mental.

The Bible will have nothing of either doctrine. That wonderful book is always as entirely sane as it is unwaveringly holy and

heavenly in principle and ideal. And it never—no, not in one word or hint—discredits the witness of the senses, or identifies evil with matter. Far from speaking with dishonour of the body, it surrounds it with thoughts and utterances of wonder, of reverence, of sanctifying praise. The body in the Bible is "fearfully and wonderfully made." All its limbs "were written in the book" of the supreme Designer, before they came into concrete being. To be sure, it can be the avenue of temptation, and as such it must be "kept under, and brought into subjection" without remorse. But that contemplates only its misuse by the will. Its proper use is to be the organ of all that is good in human action. It is the temple of the Holy One Who regenerates the man. Its limbs are the instruments of God. And though the body is existent here in a phase corruptible, mortal, destined to dissolve into the dust, that is no more its *end* than the chrysalis is the end of the winged and splendid moth. The body is to be transfigured yet into a life, light and power immortal; it is to be the subject of a resurrection, perfectly mysterious but none

the less most definitely promised, and on adequate guarantees. It shall yet be glorified, "according to the working whereby" its Author "is able to subdue even all things to Himself."

And may we not, pausing a little while over that thought, reasonably say that this prospect, as elevating as it is astonishing, receives from the recent advances of exploration into the phenomena of matter rather a relief and mental assistance than the contrary? I speak with the utmost restraint and modesty where fields of knowledge and of theory remote from my own studies are concerned. But it is the desire and delight of the great exponents of natural science to-day to inform, to the utmost they can, about the essentials of their discoveries, the common intelligence. And their words assuredly leave upon the non-expert hearer's mind, among other great impressions, *this*—that the ever-advancing analysis of matter, developed to so wonderful a degree within the past few years, discloses an interior *arcanum*, so to speak, in which the material is almost seen to rise and hover out of the spiritual, and

what we know as mass can be spoken of very nearly as if it were after all but the embodiment of motion. And whence is that motion? What is that *primum mobile?* What, rather, is the *primum movens*, in the ultimate account of the world of phenomena? The reasoned Christian answer is (and is it not in accord with the highest reason?) the supreme Intelligence, infinite in attributes, personal in will; the Author, and Bearer, and Basis of the universe; the Father of the Christ, and, in the Christ, of man. And these latest researches into "mute and material things" suggest it to us to say that He has so willed them into being that they lie in His hand as no mere obstinate and intractable solidities, but as a substance infinitely pliable and docile to the touch of His will, on which their existence, vibrating to its inmost essence, rests. Let Him be trusted, then, when He promises not to the conscious spirit only but to its corporeal vesture and vehicle, immortality. "The working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself" is not only mighty, in the sense of an infinite *force majeure.* It is strong with the

manipulating skill of the immediate Author of phenomenal being, which He has formed on purpose so as to be responsive to His *fiat* along His own mysterious lines of structure. It is planned ready for response to Him. There shall be no hard resistance in it when He shall bid man's corporeity transfigure itself into its final and abiding glory, "raised in incorruption," a body still, and for ever, yet lifted into conditions above decay by new relations to the eternal will.

But it would be presumptuous to occupy you with these conjectural reflections for more than the space of a passing reference. My aim in saying what I have said is altogether practical. I wish to remind this honoured congregation that the Christian Scriptures, whatever other messages of import spiritual and transcendent they deliver, always, and in multitudinous modes of expression, treat the body of man with reverent honour. In them it is a fact, a phenomenon, on the one hand of practical and urgent significance, on the other of a sacredness such that it befitted the Eternal Word Himself, descending out of His

heaven, to take *man's body* for His own; and that the bodies of regenerate men are each and all now the temples of His Spirit. And in the resplendent future which His promises unfold to the disciple, not the mental and moral power only appears as everlastingly surviving, but still the body is its vehicle and organ, "made like to the body of His glory."

This unique doctrine, a deliverance which in its wholeness is exclusively Biblical, is made, as you well know, by the apostles of Christ a mighty aid and argument for virtue. We saw this as we entered upon the development of the text, and thought of bodily purity at Corinth. In the white light of such a doctrine of corporeal conditions, the Bible indeed refuses to teach the lesson of a visionary neglect or contempt of the body; but all the more it inculcates and illustrates its glorious possibilities of stainless virtue. To put it better, it affirms the splendid possibility in Christ of our living a life in the body genuine and complete, in which yet the man shall be pure in all his faculties, offering them as a sacrifice on the

altar of God's good will, serving his fellows with them all for his Lord's sake, "glorifying God, magnifying Christ, in his body," all his days.

The bearing of these recollections upon this occasion is not far to seek. I have the noble privilege of addressing a great congregation of men and women united in one degree or another under the one noble title of the medical profession. What, my brethren and sisters, is your claim upon our grateful and reverent regard? Let me say rather, what is it not? Trained, in a course of instruction and practised discipline whose patient thoroughness is the admiration of all who can appreciate what it means to be an expert in anything worth knowing, you dedicate your acquired powers of knowledge and its manipulation to the service and blessing of the body. Wherever its manifold needs call for remedy or relief, there you are; there we want you, and there we find you at our side. Your skill, and with your skill your human fellowship and kindness, is spent upon our bodily distresses, and spent so in a spirit, as we gratefully confess, which

always rises far above the mere professional demand; it passes up and out continually into the high region of self-sacrificing service. Now in the hospital ward, now in the stifling tenement of the slum, now where the mangled and charred victims of the railway collision groan for aid, now at the pit heap, or in the deep mine itself, after disaster, you are the strong ministers of mercy to the body. And then in the more normal conditions of the sick-room, where the sufferer lies low, what are you not? I speak from a grateful soul, remembering how, eight years ago, I found myself very ill, tired by pain of great severity, reduced to a weakness not far from mortal. Shall I ever forget what my doctors were to me then? Shall I ever forget the nurse, who became then for life the friend of me and mine, and with whom many a time in the dead of the long night I shared the solace of simple prayer and the precious fragment, such as the weak head could bear, of the heavenly Book? What lessons of the highest and deepest sort were taught me during those weeks of pain, of peril, and of unexpectedly perfect restoration! What parables

were enacted at my bedside, parables to illustrate what is meant, in the clinics of the soul, by the self-sacrifice of the supreme Physician, and by the prescription to the spiritual patient to submit himself with the deep wisdom of passive trust under the mighty and tender handling of his God!

Yes, yours is a profession which is perpetually giving out such beneficent effects that it is no wonder that Paul, the saintly and the aged, applies the word "beloved" with such warm emphasis to Luke, his physician-friend.

My hope to-day has been to hallow and to animate yet more your gracious activities by this reminder of the holiness of the body. In the idea of its Author, this frame of our mortality, so pathetically full of the possibilities of suffering, so perpetually appealing for tendance, so sure at last to die, is yet immeasurably more wonderful even than it seems. Your devotion to its good is not misspent, for all its frailty, and for all its death. The familiar thing is the temple not of the human spirit only, but of the Divine. It is capable of purity

below and of immortality above. It is to be sown awhile in weakness, in dishonour. It shall be raised (for the risen Christ is true) in deathless power, and in heavenly glory, in His time.

IX

MOTHERHOOD AND ITS IDEAL

"Honour thy mother."—EXODUS xx. 12.

LET us approach this great phrase with reverence and godly fear. It is a vital part of one of those Ten Words, those precious and everlasting stones of Sinai, on which stands the whole structure of true human life, lived aright through time into immortality.

Here, with the Fifth Commandment, begins the Second Table, laid fair and square upon the strong foundation of the First. God is the supreme beginning, as of all things, so of the Law of life. Then, from His throne, the commandment descends in its loving majesty to the duties and the pieties of our human order. And its first and holiest watchword for that order sheds the glory of the will of God full upon parenthood and home. The eternal law requires the reverent loyalty of son and daughter. It exalts in their eyes a

father's honour, and, let us note it with profound recollection, a mother's honour side by side with his.

"*Honour thy Mother.*" This precept of the Decalogue has its perpetual echo and long development in the Scriptures at large. One after another there the forms of noble women, seen distinct or dim, but all beautiful with wise and honoured motherhood, pass by before us. We see Hannah, and Elisheba, and the lady of Shunem, and her who taught virtue to King Lemuel; and then Elizabeth, and Salome, and the Scripture-loving Eunice with her Timothy at her knee, while white-haired Lois, the grandmother, groups herself the third with the two over the oracles of God. Supreme among them all, we contemplate the maternal Maid of Nazareth, the crowning flower of womanhood for ever, her through whom God the Son of God entered man's life and a human home, and to whom He was subject there.

Full of the mother's honour is the great book of the Proverbs, that luminous manual of godly living, with its character-building power. "I was my mother's son"; "Forsake

not the law of thy mother"; "A foolish man" (and only he, the witless victim of his own self-will, for such is "the fool" of the Proverbs) "despiseth his mother."

In one wonderful prophetic utterance the mother's strong consoling tenderness is taken up by the Eternal Himself as the only worthy image of His own. He clasps to His infinite heart the tired and broken hearts of His human children. And lo! an ineffable maternity is found to live, and breathe, and burn in the depth of the Almighty Father's love: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Womanhood in the Oriental world, as we all know, has throughout the ages come infinitely short of its sacred honour. But that is not the fault of the supreme Oriental book, the Bible. There the woman is great and sacred. There she is the light, and guide, and exemplar of the home, in her high dignity of wife and mother. Her husband leans gratefully on her strong helpfulness at his side. Her children rise up before her, honouring and loyal, and they "call her blessed."

My friends and sisters, gathered here under the great cross-crowned dome of London, in the holy name of Motherhood, let this short recollection of the tribute of the Bible to a mother's place and claim lift up your hearts and warm your spirits. Let it carry you on into beginnings again, always new, and always full of hope, and always strong with the prayer of faith, in your unspeakably momentous work. One vital requisite for that sort of labour for others which refuses to grow worn, and weary, and ineffective, is a great ideal. There lies one prevailing secret for the running which will not tire and the walking which will not faint. Let the Biblical ideal of the mother never fade from before your eyes.

I do not for a moment forget, of course, that you are mainly and perpetually in contact with the actual, and are faced at every turn by its limitations. You have to do not so much with motherhood in its beautiful abstract as with English mothers in real life. And though I am well aware that in principle the Mothers' Union knows no class boundaries, and extends its benignant influence high as well as low, yet

you, I doubt not, very largely, are occupied with the lives of mothers of the industrial order. Your strong sympathy with them, your intimacies and fellowship with them and with their problems, your longing to serve them, all brings you into an acute and painful consciousness of some disadvantages of their condition. You are wise and kind, and the more you are so the more, of course, you realize, not in the sense of a futile and repellent condescension, but in that of a noble woman's close moral contact with her sisters, something of what it would be to you to live their life; to live—I will not say in a slum, but anywise in a cottage, in a tenement, day and year, night and day. You often ask yourself what you would be if you had to do everything for husband, for children, for yourself, with no servant's handy help at your command; if you had to live in a few small rooms totally devoid of any restful pleasantness in form, or outlook, or furnishing; if you never knew how to get place and time to be alone with your own soul; if with all this you had very often to face coarse ebullitions of evil, perhaps within

your door, at least near to it, without one thought of respect for your presence. You workers in this noble enterprise of organized beneficence, thinking about the mothers you know, and praying about them, and for their dear sakes disciplining and sanctifying yourselves—for I am sure you do thus give your very *selves* to the cause—you can never forget these imprisoning and overshadowing conditions of many thousands of actual mothers' lives. You grieve over those conditions. You do not cheaply pity those who must submit to live under them; no, you respect them, you reverence their much-tried souls, even in their failures. But the difficulty you can never forget.

And these limitations, just now indicated, are normal, are perpetual, are everywhere with you, in our present epoch of society. But at this tremendous moment in that epoch, as you know all too well, these evil things, in innumerable cases, are all woefully intensified by the position of our country in her agony of conflict. You little need me to go into detail about that aspect of your work to-day. Very much better than I do you know what

the malign influences upon home and motherhood of the present war—a war so sublimely righteous in its cause, and so glorious with indomitable valour—too often are. You need no information from me about the rise of intemperance among women, where, as in so many instances, a new plenty of money to spend coincides with a ceaseless excitement and restlessness of mind due to the man's absence in fleet or army. You are well aware, without my telling, of the ungoverned and unsettled spirit generated so often in the daughters of the working home, partly by incessant talk about fighting, partly by the dim and deep disturbance of the young woman's being, where a true self-control is absent, under the unremitting stimulus of the presence and the passing of hosts of men, in their flower of manhood, and with the halo of courage and of country cast around them. And often you lament the notorious decline of parental authority which in a million cases lets such mischiefs go forward without one effort, however feeble, at discipline and restraint upon the mother's part.

Then all around us, as you know, not in the alley or the cottage only, but far and wide over the world of modern life, the old sanctities of home are perpetually besieged from without and betrayed from within. You know, with indignation, the execrable extent to which vice is still condoned in men even where it is condemned in women. You know enough to fill you with distress and fear, about the tremendous ravages of vicious disease. You cannot but be aware of the cool, and calculating, and most ignoble selfishness which, in ranks of life where no poverty can be pleaded, has reduced the large and vigorous families of a recent time almost suddenly to a mere tradition, to the formidable loss alike of home and state. And you cannot but have seen how, on the other hand, the sanctuary of holy matrimony—holy if anything under the sun is holy—is invaded now, in open print, by shameless theorists, and the unlawful birth, with not its stain only but all its cruelty of result, is positively defended. As if it were the right of woman to be anyhow a mother; as if it were the right of man, with base indifference and an immeasurable moral

cowardice, to leave the mother alone with her burthen and her shame.

Have not such things been said, by way of bold apology, about our men and our women under the conditions of this great war? God be thanked that some wild and sweeping assertions as to the extent, for example, of what I may call military illegitimacy, made sometimes by palliators of sin, have been proved to be enormous exaggerations. But the spirit of the defence remains. It remains, to remind you of the tremendous potencies of evil which to-day assail the beautiful greatness of Womanhood, God's human masterpiece, and which go hard to paralyze the holy power He meant to be lodged in His institute of Home.

So I have dwelt, with a troubled soul indeed (but I could not but speak it out), upon some normal difficulties and some abnormal dangers which surround to-day that grand work of woman for woman which you here, my honoured sisters, represent. But all the more, and with my whole heart and spirit, I bid you be of good courage, and go on, in the triple power of faith, and love, and hope. Look to your

ideal; for it, for she, exists. Behold the mother who commands (I say not demands but commands) her children's honour. Look on and watch her as she lives. She may be a Queen, she may be a workman's wife; we will look at her in that latter character to-day. We find her, year in and year out, night and morning, meeting the next thing and the next in her gray and strenuous life with patience, with steady self-control, with a temper which conquers one by one the irritations always possible, with a tongue always true, pure, and kind, and so with that inevitable power and sway of example which a life like this generates, with its homely holiness. Her children feel, before they know it, her moulding and building influence. Every word she says to them about clean ways, and modest looks, and kindly speech, carries the weight of herself within it. On her tongue is the law of kindness. In her heart is the law of God, written there by the finger of the Spirit, and warm with the love of Christ and the breath of simple prayer. My sisters, this picture is no wild dream. I dare to say that there are thousands of working

mothers, and of mothers whose lives lie indeed outside the technically industrial ranks, yet are as heavy laden as possible, which are lived precisely so. And now, we want such mothers multiplied indefinitely.

No fatalism lies against the enterprise of multiplication, against the production of more and yet more mothers of the sort which must be honoured. There is no such thing as fatalism under the shadow of God and of Christ. He Who created Home, He Who devised and gave to the life of man the fair glory of Motherhood, can, and will, renew His creation and His gift for evermore. And in that work He calls you to His help against the might of evil, and places His almightiness upon your side.

Fill your eyes with your ideal. Fill your hearts with your Lord, the Mother's everlasting Son. And so go on unwearied. Watch over the *new-made homes*, the young wives just beginning. Inspire into them a living sympathy with the ideal, and get them to see their strength to actualize it, in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Be steadfast as the rock, for He is true. Be abounding as the river, for He is Life. And then be sure, absolutely and with gladness, that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.

X

DURHAM CATHEDRAL

"We have thought of Thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of Thy Temple."—PSALM xlviii. 9.

WE meet to-day, in this our holy House and beautiful, for a solemn act of memory. We are here that we may look reverently upon the past, all together, men and women, laity and clergy, Bishop, and Dean, and the Canonical Body in its largest sense, and the Vice-Chancellor with the University, and the Masters and Scholars of the School, and the Mayor and Magistrates of this good City, which so long ago began to gather and grow about Abbey and Abbey Church. We meet to look backward, though not backward only. We commemorate that we may also, and therefore, aspire and endeavour. The roll of our Benefactors just recited must remind us of that other register, the glorious commemoration of the faithful which fills the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews. And that retrospect, as we cannot forget, leads

straight to the summons to advance into the future for new victories of faith : " Let *us* therefore lay aside every weight ; let *us* run with patience the race set before us."

But our first thought is of recollection. And holy recollection, the love and gratitude of memory, is a thing eminently Christian. The word *remember* sounds often in the appeals of Scripture : " Remember the years of His right hand " ; " Remember them who were your guides." The Lord of the Christian Himself greatly cares for memory : " Do this in remembrance of Me."

True it is that the Gospel, and the Gospel alone, is sure of the future. Other voices now, as I seem to hear them, less and less venture absolutely to claim the future. But the Lord Christ bids us look forward with decision and assurance to a life everlasting, begun in Him already, certain to burst hereafter into its summer glory. His Church is to live in perpetual expectation of Him in His personal return, making all things new. His follower is indeed to live in the present, with a full life and true, yet always looking through the present

beyond it, for "that blissful hope." And what in its Christian sense is hope? No vague forecast of better things, fathered by the wish; rather an outlook like that of the watcher in the night for the faithful rising of the day upon the eastern hill. In the Biblical use of the great words:

> "Hope is Faith, with her feet on the rock, and her face to the morning."

He who has once got vision of her so standing knows that for him a better country, that is an heavenly, is the true goal of every day.

But then, to the child of such hope, the past is only the more sacred. For the abiding reasons of hope, as to their revelation from above, lie there. And the human voices which witness to the joy of the life of hope sound from thence. The bright multitudes who people the heavenly prospect are also, as regards the period of their sojourning, the population of the past. We read what they were, that we may apprehend in measure what they will be, when we with them inherit the kingdom; and history thus contributes both substance and form to our anticipation of heaven.

So we do well to be glad that this Commemoration, after long abeyance, is happily revived to-day, and that we are here. We meet, as every congregation meets, not as a host of units, but as a body penetrated with magnetic sympathies. And we meet not anywhere, but here, in this Cathedral, the temple first of our God, and then also, under Him and in Him, of our memories of the ages. Almost nine centuries have gone since these very walls first rose; almost ten since the first Church was founded upon the field of Dunholm; very nearly thirteen since Aidan's chair, the beginning of us all, was set in the Holy Island.

Vast and infinitely chequered is the story which thus, embodied as it were in this House, walls us in and roofs us over. It is a human story, and therefore, alas, not by fault of humanity but by fault of its fall, it is an often troubled story. We find it stained in many a page with blood and tears, spoiled now by strife and tumults, now by neglect and greed. We see the apostolic peace of Lindisfarne wrecked by the Dane, and Cuthbert's ark is borne hither and thither, by fell and by flood, for fear of the

marauder. We think of Walcher done to death by the fierce mob, and of Flambard's excesses, and Bek's arrogant pomp, and the illiterate obstinacies of Beaumont. We watch Christless contentions as they drag their evil length along : struggles of Bishop and Abbey, rivalries of the elect of the Abbey and the elect of the King. We find illustrated here, as elsewhere, that strange and mournful phenomenon of Christian history, the gradual shifting of the centre of thought and life away from the Gospel of the Apostles in its luminous fullness. The primeval programme of truth, worship, and service glows all over with Christ for us, and the Holy Ghost within us, and homely holiness as the resultant in the disciple, and the true union of the living Church secured above all by a spiritual connection. But Christendom, upon the surface of things however, gravitated heavily, in time, towards ideas so largely legal and ceremonial that the system even outwent the Mosaic pageant, symbolic, predictive, transitory, of continual sacrifice and sacerdotal dominion, and the mediation of mortal ministers between the Church and God ; and took into its beliefs,

from far other regions, the strange adjunct of a whole Olympus of god-like patrons in the skies. Then, when the great reaction came on, and the sixteenth century saw the old order pass into altered forms, the inveterate misuse of things appeared again in new modes, and Durham witnessed many a desecration, and many a scene of criminal neglect, and lamentably selfish dealing with sacred trusts.

Alas, there is no one chapter of Church history, from the first days till this hour, which the sins of Christians have not invaded. The ideal, be it ever so supremely reasonable as well as beautiful, is never reached and realized. A patriarchate of the West, with the open Scriptures always for its law and the spirit of this world always beneath its feet, might have built up long ago a Christian Europe, peacefully federated, for the blessing of the race. But the Roman Primacy distorted itself by degrees into an imperial and ambitious Papacy, basing itself upon invented history, the champion, often pitiless, of strange beliefs, and restless for a place, however uneasy, among the kingdoms of this world. The Renaissance and the Re-

formation were profound and inevitable movements, which in their genuine ideal set with magnificent power towards wholesome mental light and ordered, worshipping, loving, spiritual liberty. But their beneficence was soiled in action, widely, lamentably, with ignoble use, to the world's loss and to the grief of their own greatest sons. Not by fate, but by sin, it is always thus, in one measure or another. The course of man's world never did run clear, and it never will do so till we behold the return of the Son of Man.

But then, upon the other side, what lights they are to which these long and turbid shadows serve as foil! In our own Durham, in our own Cathedral, what a golden chain of large occasions have we not to prompt thankful thought of the loving-kindness of our God!

Some of the very noblest names in Christian annals glorify our dawn. There shines Oswald, that earlier Alfred, in his harmony, strong and beautiful, of the valiant and sagacious ruler with the saint of God. And Aidan beams out beside him, his friend in the faith, his fellow-missionary, as they go evangelizing together, Bishop

preaching, King interpreting; Aidan, as complete a Christian, and evangelist, and pastor, as any age of the Church can show. Another ray in that constellation, bright and calm, is Hilda, mother in Israel, wise, kind, great-hearted, labouring and ruling in the Lord.

The star of Cuthbert looks upon us dilated, perhaps, and even discoloured somewhat, through a golden haze of legendary marvels; though I for one have no mind to dismiss as fable all those records of abnormal radiation from a personality filled with God. And Cuthbert was just this, a man so full of his Redeemer that he thirsted and toiled insatiably for the souls of his rude and scattered brethren, and cast over them the spell, strong and tender, of a sympathy learnt in converse with the Christ.

It is the glory of this river-girdled hill that it gave final rest to Cuthbert's mortal part. And here too, fetched from the almost ruined walls of Jarrow, under that altar-sepulchre in our Galilee, reposes the dust of Bede: Bede the venerable, the admirable, yes, in his tranquil way, the wonderful. Grandson probably, if not son, of a viking of the seas, he grew to be

the most lettered European of his day; student and teacher to the last, and saint as well, whether formally canonized or no; a saint whose one long miracle was this, that no unkind or unjust word can be quoted from all his folios, and that no wrongful action has ever crept into record from his life.

The time would wholly fail me to speak in any but summary terms of the host of benefactors of every various type, who, by wealth, by work, by life, since the rock of Durham saw the community of Cuthbert arrive upon it, have given gifts to the life of Church and Cloister, and Chapter, and Diocese. They defile in a multitudinous procession across the scene of history, like that line which the poet saw in the vision when the makers of Cambridge appeared ushered up before him:

> "Hark, the portals sound, and issuing forth
> With solemn steps and slow,
> High potentates, and dames of Royal birth,
> And mitred fathers in long order go."

There passes Aldhun, first founder of House and Church, and St. Calais, commonly called Carilef, second founder, author of the plan of

this amazing structure around us. Yonder walk the lordly priors and their brethren of the Abbey who, in successive generations, perfected, restored, developed this scene of sacred wonder, where thought, and will, and faith take shape in stone. Can we doubt that, to many at least among them, their labour was higher even than that of the artist at his highest, and drew its soul from heaven? Surely it is no baseless guess of a German antiquary, the assertion that the craft and mystery of church-building of old, with its unapproachable dignity and grace of achievement, was largely in the hands of those blameless secret societies, the fraternities of the Friends of God; men who, behind so much that was savage in their day, and so much that was superstitious, lived the hidden life of fellowship with Christ, and designed and wrought for Him.

Here again in our great procession walk the founders of our ancient Hospitals, and of great diocesan almsgifts of other sorts, ancient and recent—from Pudsey, and Stichil, and Langley, to Nathaniel Crewe and "honoured Barrington," wreathed with the praises of Walter Scott.

Here move the great pastors—Poore, who almost actually died exhorting his people; and learned, tolerant, patient Tunstall, and his glorious kinsman, Gilpin, prince of parish priests and travelling missionaries; and brave Morton; and gracious Trevor; and faithful Baring, whose left hand knew not the good deeds of his right. Here appear the scholars and the scribes—Bury, devotee of books, lover of poor scholars; and studious Cosin, laborious prelate and palatine, great renovator, great builder, great librarian, Anglican of Anglicans. And Butler passes after him, and all too soon is past—Butler of the frail frame and pallid brow, thinking, always thinking, in the cause of faith, and communing the while with God. Yonder goes Van Mildert, his health broken with eager toil in the founding of our University; and yonder the great Deans—Waddington the munificent, and Lake with his restoring energy, and Kitchin with his wealth of culture and his charm of soul; and the great Canons, a numerous host, such as Granville, and Lowth, and Warburton, and Philpotts, and Sumner, and Jenkyns, and Chevallier; and faces more

lately present with us—Evans, the masterly scholar and beloved man; Farrar, with his vast reading and eloquent pen; Tristram, ardent Christian and great student of nature; Kynaston, with his pure Greek, and his genial wit, and kind activities; and Body of the burning tongue; and Ross-Lewin, learned and loving treasury of the lessons of Christian story; and, near them, Dykes and Armes, masters of the music of the Lord.

Last in the long order, last because so singularly great, we salute that illustrious pair, the late successive occupants of our episcopal chair: Lightfoot, with his massive wealth of learning, his luminous expository power, his faculty to inspire and to govern, his glowing pastoral heart; Westcott, ruler, worker, seer, equally philosopher and grammarian, surrendered servant, in God, of the whole life of men.

Such are the living loving-kindnesses of the Lord of which we think to-day in His temple; such are some of our luminaries, bright and particular. And then behind them shines the white expanded galaxy of the countless friends and servants of our Durham, singers in her

choir, ministers of her worship, lovers and keepers of her very stones. They have left, perhaps, no name to history, but their souls are all breathed into our spiritual atmosphere to-day.

It is indeed a splendid past. Shall we dare to say that such, also, under God, shall be our future brightness? Of course, the future will be no identical reproduction. "History repeats itself, but it never repeats itself exactly." And we all feel conditions around us in our day less favourable to individual eminence than to a large diffusion of more normal gifts.

Yet we presume to hope with a modest boldness that this Cathedral shall see a growing future vitally continuous with its ancient glories, and shall be serviceable always, more and more, to the coming times. The eyes of our distinguished Chapter are open, and their purposes are warm, towards the needs of this pregnant age, and towards the services which they may render to it, here at the heart of the Diocese they love, with this their superb implement. We know what these vast spaces mean when the people of the mine-land fill them

every summer with their mighty hosts, and when the mothers of the coming generation in their thousands assemble here, and now when the dear children, too, have again begun to gather hither, for song and worship, as the Festival of the Innocents comes round. Yes, we know a little of what our holy House can be to the modern world. And we cry all the more devoutly to that eternal Spirit, without whom watchman waketh and worker toileth in vain, to inspire us all ever more for a holy utility, to the praise of the glory of His grace, as we seek to serve our generation by the will of God.

This fragmentary review and momentary forecast is ended. Soon we shall have closed our Commemoration, passing out this way and that, leaving to its majestic self, and to the silence of the night, this marvellous gift of God, this glorious fane of worship and the Word. Even so, let us leave it, not to a barren solitude, but to its own sublime and tranquil work above all our activities within it. Let us leave it for a season thus, just to itself, to abide, in its ineffable dignity, rock-like upon

the rock, lifting immovably its three towers towards the everlasting skies. Leave it; let it bear its own unspoken but arresting witness to the soul of man. Ours is an age that greatly needs such witness, an age formidably beset by countless forces which make for the hurried, the shallow, the selfish, the secular. Home trembles to-day with the shock of change, and the Christian school trembles, and reverence wanes, and worship far and wide is forsaken, and the Bible is judged and belittled where it is not forgotten, and the Day of holy rest is outraged, and men in millions, in every rank and region, live as if there was nothing greater than themselves, and as if the temporal were all. The more thank we God Almighty for such a Pillar of Witness in the midst of our modern scene: this vast Memento, uplifted and uplifting, awful in beauty, tender in its changeless majesty, always telling the heart, through the wondering eyes, of a Christ incarnate, sacrificed, and risen in triumph out of death, of a human soul fathomless and immortal, and of an eternal heaven.

APPENDIX

THE following letter, addressed by the present Bishop—then Dean—of Durham "to the Canons and other persons concerned," is appended here, by Dr. Henson's kind permission, as well explaining the occasion of the Commemoration and introducing the Sermon :

"*Deanery, Durham,*
"*January 1st,* 1914.

"DEAR SIR,

"By the Statutes of the Cathedral it is ordered that every year, on the 27th of January, there should be observed a solemn Commemoration of the Founders and Benefactors of the ancient Monastery of Durham, from which the present College of Dean and Canons drew its origin nearly four hundred years ago. For reasons, into which it is not necessary to enter, this obligation has been continuously neglected. Bishop Westcott, in his visitation of the Cathedral, made inquiry as to the reasons of this strange neglect, but none the less it has continued until the present time.

"With the hearty assent of my colleagues, I have ordered that for the future the Commemoration shall be observed with such extension of its range as the passage of more than three centuries requires. It is a great pleasure to us all that the Bishop of Durham, who is *ex officio* also the Visitor of the Cathedral, has undertaken to preach the Sermon at the Evening Service. In this solemn Thanksgiving for the many Blessings which have been poured out on the nation in this part of England through the piety, munificence, and labours of Christian men and women during nearly ten centuries, from the days of

St. Cuthbert to our own time, I desire earnestly that not only shall all the members of the Cathedral Foundation take their part, as indeed they are surely bound to do, but that the clergy and citizens of Durham should unite with them, publicly acknowledging their own indebtedness to the former mercies of God, of which the great Cathedral is the enduring Witness in their midst.

"Believe me, very faithfully yours,

"H. HENSLEY HENSON,

"*Dean.*"

XI

THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH

"It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father hath put in His own authority; but ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be My witnesses unto the uttermost part of the earth."—ACTS i. 7, 8.

SOME few years ago I stood with a missionary friend on that eastward spur of the Mount of Olives which looks down upon Bethany. The place appears better than any other to answer the account of the Ascension given by St. Luke in his Gospel and developed here in the Acts. It was "as far as Bethany" that the Lord led out the Eleven. And it seems evident, meanwhile, from the nature of that final and supremely serene event, that it took place somewhere aloft and apart. Both conditions of locality, the mountain retreat and the neighbourhood of Bethany, are satisfied by that angle of the great mass of Olivet.

It was in the clear shining, just after the Syrian sunset, that we stood there, listening to the silence, where the flowers of spring embroidered the green mantle of the limestone crag. The rock seemed to typify well the indissoluble fact of Christ. The anemones beneath our feet and the glimmering above us of the first stars spoke to the soul of the tender beauty and the radiant eternity of that infinite fact.

We felt borne in upon us that intimate impression which is native in the Gospel records, and in the record of the Ascension as much as in any of them—the impression made by the complete harmony of a matter transcendent in its wonder with a manner as sober, as sane, as any writing in the world can show. No cunningly devised myth met us that evening upon that solemn hill. The scenes of the Gospels are like nothing else in ancient literature, in ancient literature outside the Bible. It is the artificial in us alone that can doubt them. The natural, in its depths, where God touches man, believes them, and is sure. He speaks in them to the image of Himself. And man's

greatest as much as man's simplest rests on them, feeling them to be adamantine fact alive with an eternal love.

Yes, from that green platform, or hard by, however, the Lord Jesus, in the mysterious but real body of His immortality, went actually lifted to the skies. There, just before His going, He veritably gave His last charge to the group around Him. It was a charge in harmony with the scene; weighty with concrete purpose and explicit terms, and all the while exalted with an eternal significance and lighted up with the glory of Himself.

What was it, that great command, last present here to the mind of the Son of God? It was the Missionary watchword. His friends and servants were to guard this to their last hour as His final order to themselves, and to pass it on to their fellows and successors for ever. Assured with a reposeful certainty that the Father had taken charge of the times and the seasons, not to conceal them only but to fulfil them; that there is a programme of dispensations, and that it shall be carried out into universal victory; they were to gird themselves

without misgiving to a world-wide mission. Clothed and filled with the Spirit of loving fire and of living light, they were to give themselves up to be the witnesses of their Lord; *His witnesses*, because the soul of their message was to be always Himself, and Himself set forth as only witnesses can do it. They were to praise Him and proclaim Him not like men who speak only after the hearing of the ear. No, the spiritual eyes of the messenger have seen the Lord; the Master hath spoken to the man.

I have dwelt thus awhile not on the text only but on its setting. It is with the simplest purpose possible. I greatly wish to remind myself, and to remind my brethren, though it be a reminder for the thousandth time, that in the Lord Jesus Christ and His words we are, if I may use a phrase current lately in widely other connections, "up against realities." Our position is that, or nothing; it is that, or worse by very far than nothing. We meet here, in this place of many memories, not merely to exchange warm emotions, to taste the exalted sweetness of religious ardour, no, nor only to

cherish traditions of work and enterprise always dear to us for the sake of fathers, brethren, and companions of other days. We meet because of the claim and compulsion of facts full of God. We are here because the Christ is supremely real, and is the same for ever. We are here because He knows that the whole race of man, beyond all we can understand, needs Him ; because He must be articulately set forth, the glorious burthen of a living testimony, for man's present and eternal blessing. We are here to-night because it is a fact, solid as the cliffs at Olivet, that this was His own ultimate command ; His people were to be His witnesses, wherever man is found upon the earth.

It was these primary certainties that moved our fathers of 1799, when they founded the Church Missionary Society. That date, like this, marked a national epoch of formidable difficulty and danger, but they met it with a faith great because entirely simple. And their certainties, as to the essence, are precisely ours to-day. The Lord is the same. The Lord's imperial command is the same, the command

that we should be His witnesses to the ends of the earth. The Lord's gift of the eternal Spirit, almighty to endue and to empower, is the same. And the same Father's hand still holds and handles, for a triumphant issue in the end, behind all the million confusions of the surface, the seasons of the plan of time.

So our Anniversary calls us to rise up and begin again, with a motive always new because it is nothing less than heavenly fact. It has been well said of the personal Christian life that its secret of growth is a perpetual beginning again, an incessant falling back upon its First Cause, God in Christ. It is even so with all true corporate Christian life, the life, for example, of the living and loving fellowship of the Church Missionary Society. We are called always, all together, to be beginning again. We are to fall back perpetually, in union, on the First Cause of our hope and of our labour, and so to rise and go forward always in His name.

The summons to such new departures and advances strikes at this time upon the thoughtful soul with an emphasis peculiar and intense.

Alike the World, the Church, and the Gospel, as we ponder present aspects and conditions, press home, as if it were a discovery, the urgency of the Missionary commission. Let us take those three fields of view in order, and think of some elements in their appeal.

1. *The World.*—I need not speak to this congregation in detail upon the call of the world to-day. To you, students of missions, I do little more than name a few of the vast outstanding facts. Some of these are matters of disturbance and perplexity. We note among them, in the front, that profound epochal change in the stream of world history which rose upon mankind only ten years ago with the triumph of Japan, single-handed, over Russia. That shock vibrated over Asia, and over Africa. It altered profoundly the national and political consciousness of the multitudinous races of the East and of the South towards the white peoples and the West. It revealed at least the possibility that Europe, after four hundred years, however the surface of events might be varied from the past, may feel again the immense pressure of Asia renewed upon her.

Her premier place in the world must face a challenge undreamt of a generation ago. Such a new setting of tides in the world's life is, upon the surface at least, ominous of many fears. But for the Christian, awake and calm in God, the phenomenon, like the Cloud in the desert, has light to cast as well as shadow. To him it brings the vivid impulse of an appeal. He looks upon the new Orient, heaving with its contrasted symptoms, on the one hand greedy, with the hunger almost of disease, for Western knowledge and material, on the other resentful, with a new and conscious jealousy, of Western dominance. And the sight thrills him with only a stronger ambition to do spiritual battle for the Lord, Who calls for help against forces that are so manifestly mighty.

Then on the other side the world displays to-day, beyond all precedent in missionary history, a wonderful scene of new opportunities and hopes. The renaissance of Asiatic life carries along with it far and wide, in a new manner and degree, an attitude towards Christianity, above all towards the Lord Christ Himself, surprising in its willingness, up to a

certain point at least, to approach and to embrace. The labour and witness of the missionaries, patient, unapplauded, glorious, has not been spent in vain. To a degree which is always startling, even to the initiated, we find India and China, to name those primary names only, penetrated, leavened, with the facts, the ideals, the forces of the Gospel. Not all the baneful counter agencies on the side of evil have availed to paralyze, far less to kill, that gracious penetration; not the presence all over the East of Western greed, and Western godless living; not Western denials of the faith, materialistic, agnostic, theosophic. We have scarcely yet realized the moral wonder of the appeal of China twelve months ago for the prayers of her own Christian citizens; for a wonder it remains, whatever may have happened since. We are only beginning to take in the meaning of the mass-movements of India, arising in the lowest social levels but felt at once in the highest; the gravitation of millions towards the Church; symptoms which involve the new and inspiring problem how to deal with would-be proselytes vastly too numerous to be

shepherded by our existing forces, how to expand the narrow nets for the innumerable spoil of the sea of souls. Thus it is in the South as well as in the East. In the deep interiors of both upper and lower Africa nothing but a great multiplication of evangelists is needed, under God, to ensure an immense joy of harvest; such are the appeals, the prayers, the insistences, of remote tribes and chiefs for the teacher and the Book.

We have long pleaded at the throne of grace, with more or less resolve and reliance, for open doors. To-day everywhere we have them. And not only the doors are there for our entrance in. They are thronged from inside with wistful faces, and loud with welcoming voices, bidding the missionary take possession. *Our* men of Macedonia call us over, not in dream only but in sober certainty of waking life, to come and help them. We look and we listen, awed and inspired as beneath a visibly opened heaven. And we know all the while that the golden time may be but short. Again and again in the past there have been brief periods of wonder and hope, and long failures

have followed on them, through the weakness of the Church in face of opportnnity.

2. *The Church.*—How does the Church, in the larger senses of that sacred word, call us to-day to arise anew to the work of witness for her Lord? Like the world, the Church summons us in part by phenomena of peril and perplexity, lamentable in themselves, yet in which faith can hear the magnetic summons to give help against the mighty. There is the call of the modern indiscipline of habits, the ways of luxury and pleasure which have deeply invaded even Christian circles, bringing mortal mischief into the heart of the one true life, the life of sacrifice and service. There is the call of the decline of home-religion, of the waning of the Gospel of the mother's knee, of the slackening everywhere of the hallowing of the Lord's Day, of the wide disuse, aye, in quarters where it would be little expected, of that family worship which is the best bond of home, and a perpetual force for the lifting and hallowing of aims. All such phenomena mean mischief to the witness-spirit; and, therefore, all occasion a call to awake to its glory, and to begin again.

Then there is the call of the deeply altered attitude of mind, widely current, towards the Bible. I speak of this briefly and with reserve, and with the heartfelt desire to avoid one word that is hasty and unjust. But I am sure that this matter lies at the root of many of our difficulties and discouragements in the work of witness. Far be it from me to think of ignorance of fact and truth as the friend of faith. God keep us all from unsympathetic censures of the sore burthens felt by many a Christian soul, pondering the Book. Has any thoughtful mind ever quite escaped great pains of perplexity over Scriptural difficulties of belief, over the problem, for example, how to draw the line between symbol and letter in the first pages of the Bible, how with intelligent faith to interpret records of slaughter and of sin shown in the progress and within the life of the people of God? Yet I presume, nevertheless, to appeal against some common tendencies of thought thus generated. I dread the mental habit which tends, in things related to the spiritual, to take for oracle the professor rather than the apostle, a philosophy rather than

revelation. I fear the presuppositions which allow the literary study of the Scriptures to overshadow even for an hour in the student's mind the Psalmist's "awe" before the Written Word—that one book upon the earth which betrays in its whole structure the authentic finger of God, and which bears the unique *imprimatur* of His Christ stamped upon the revelation which it presents to faith.

There is grave need now, as always, of a scrupulous avoidance of impatience and inequitable judgment, and of impossible demands for an identity of opinion on all parts of a complex problem; all imposition of really narrow or a priori definitions of the processes and the results of inspiration. But what we need also is a worshipping patience before the riddles of the Holy Book, and the settled calm of a reverential faith in presence of its authoritative message to the soul of man. "It is written," was our Master's watchword. With this He thrice struck down His tremendous adversary in the desert. With this He met His disciples at once in His resurrection life. That watchword must be ours, and to the end.

For we worship, do we not? a Christ Who, in His supreme prophetic office, cannot err, and could not err. And He holds still that one wonderful Volume in His deathless hands, wide open for His followers' faith; the authorized warrant, for ever, in all lands, of their work and witness in His name.

Then there are the questions that gather, notably within these last years, these last months, around the words Order and Union. Of these also I speak with a serious restraint. This is a moment when the man who would contribute his item to the unification of Christendom for the work of witness should abstain with all his will from every word that may even seem partial or provocative. Let us pray now, if ever, for the good hand of our God upon us all, on every side, guiding us all, always, towards a real unity of the Spirit in the bond of the peace of Christ. On the one part may that hand avert all inconsiderate breaches with the living continuity of the Christian past; all restive misliking of reverential discipline, all semblance of the thought that a really apostolic order does not greatly matter. On the other

part may the Divine Guide show us how not to distort order into obstacle; how not to erect into vital truths of revelation even the most authentic, beneficial, venerable, institutions of which yet it cannot be said that the Scriptures have given them as open revelations to the Church. May we all be illuminated to see things in their spiritual proportions. In the words of a great and independent leader in the Church, lately addressed to myself, may we never forget that order, succession, transmitted authority, are good and great, *and* that the Spirit and His life are yet better and yet greater. So judged Peter at Cæsarea. So judged Barnabas at Antioch. Such was the "finding," at Jerusalem, of the first of all Christian Councils. In such steps we shall not go far astray, as we ponder the pagan and Moslem world in front of us, and the work of witness to be done in that vast and formidable presence.

These phenomena of question and difficulty I place in view less as hindrances than as calls. They all summon us upward and onward, for they all drive us Christward. They force the

believer home on Him. And that means light upon our darkest riddle, and an invincible hope. But all the more also we turn with joy to the appeals which come to us, positive and happy, from the manifest mercies of to-day. We are always thankfully learning again the memorable lessons of Edinburgh, in the field of sedulous and ordered study of the facts of the non-Christian world, with a well-considered aim at all possible concert and co-ordination of missionary labours. We bless our Lord always anew for His mercies manifested last summer at Swanwick. There, in our hour of perplexity and misgiving, the Spirit of love and power descended in peaceful miracle upon the disciples, and a new epoch of faith, sacrifice, and hope was known and seen to have arrived. May His benediction there given be only the beginning of things yet greater, because more universally operative and always growing. May that scene of sacrificial dedication of money, an echo of the joy of the Pentecostal offerings, be ever repeated, as to its principle, in the common practice of a self-denying Church, resolved to sacrifice freely for the

cause of God. We rejoice to-day over what we shall hear openly announced to-morrow, a great financial liberation, and some genuine advance in normal giving for the glorious work. But not all that was reasonably hoped for, we shall find, is yet achieved; we must, in sacrifice as in labour, begin again.

Meanwhile, can we too thankfully recognize one certainty of the merciful purposes of the Swanwick blessing? I take it that it was divinely timed to adjust and secure an all-important balance and harmony of great truths and powers. Over against each other stand always, in the missionary enterprise, the scientific aspect and the spiritual. Co-ordinated, they combine into one victorious force; the danger lies in isolation, or in unconscious usurpation. It is possible to allow the scientific study of Missions, by fault not of the study but of the student, to usurp the province of the spiritual force. It is possible to act as if, in the sublime campaign of witness, we were "sufficient of ourselves to think out," on merely rational lines, a conquering method. Such a visitation of the Holy Spirit, supremely calm

yet beyond mistake Divine, as stirred that assembly last May, glorifying the Lord Christ to His servants, and glorifying sacrifice and service in His light and for His beloved sake—was not this precisely the golden weight cast into the scales, to keep thought true to faith?

So we recognize with joy the call onward to a new beginning, uttered from the heart of this life-movement in the Church. And we take that movement further as a token from above that the holy Master's love and blessing is indeed upon our Society in its whole range of needs. Not only for the campaign abroad but for every problem of the "home-base," every question of inmost administration, we will trust, with a faith always beginning again, the faithful leadings of the Holy Ghost.

3. *The Gospel.*—There is yet another region from which now, because eternally, and also because of particular problems and perils, there comes to us the appeal and commission of the text. It is the Gospel. It is the heaven-born glory, unfolding itself always to faith and love with a more vivifying brightness, of the Gospel of the grace of God.

The supreme function of the Church is to carry that Gospel out to the world. Our Society is an organ of the Church for this paramount activity; therefore this is the one ultimate function of our Society. A thousand other things, subsidiary, assistant, resultant, have to be done in the missionary campaign. But this is the one thing. The great Apostle was a worker of infinite versatility, and his sympathies lay open on all sides. But his own sovereign ideal of his work was this—to testify the Gospel of the grace of God. He existed, so he tells us, to preach Christ Jesus as Lord, to proclaim among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of the Christ.

That Gospel, and not another, no, not though an angel came with that other from the skies, is the burthen of our testimony, to-day and to the end. It is this truth, say rather it is this Person, Himself the Truth, of Whom all saving truths are but radiations and results, that calls us onward to endless new beginnings. The everlasting sameness of the message means no monotony, no rigidity. That is for ever forbidden by the fact that its substance is

a Person, infinitely alive and free, contemporary with every hour, present in every region, full of an illimitable love. As the ages move, the sides and phases of His glory shine out, one here, one there, one now, one then, with developed splendours that may give them almost the aspect of new truths. And there is a large justice in the contention that each race and region may be permitted to find in Him some treasure not so well seen by others, and to contribute this to the ever-growing fullness of an entire Christology. But assuredly the call to perpetual new beginnings in the work of witness comes always most insistently from the central and eternal sameness of the Lord Jesus Christ and of His Word. Our invincible motive, our joy in service and in sacrifice, resides not in a Christ that may be, or that is to be, but in the Christ Who was, and is, and is to come, the same yesterday, to-day, for ever. Our undying impulse lives in that everlasting Son of the Father, Who took upon Him to deliver man; Who did not abhor the Virgin's womb; Who was made a sacrifice for our sins; Who overcame the sharpness of death, rising

body and spirit into life indissoluble; Who opened wide the kingdom of heaven, begun here, consummated in the endless glory, to all believers; Who shall come again in glory. Our call is to witness, still to witness, to just this all-wonderful Lord Jesus Christ, Head of our nature, Propitiation for our sins, Companion of our hearts, Life in our death, Heaven of our heaven. He is apart, unique, incomparable. To Him there is no similar, no second, no, not in all the faiths and all the dreams of man. He is that "burthen of the Lord" which His witnesses are to carry, without reserve, without diminution, to every kindred, every tribe, on this terrestrial ball.

"My witnesses," "Witnesses of Me"; so they are to go. They are to say, by word and by life, "This and this is my Lord Jesus Christ to me. I know Him Whom I have believed. I, and His whole Church, have proved Him to be all in all. Therefore, by a spiritual law, inevitable, compelling, we come to bring His name to you, for whom He died."

Happy they who set out, called from above,

so to witness, even to the uttermost part of the earth. If there be such a thing as a sinless envy, they may well be made objects of it on the part of those who see them go. True it is that the perfectly Christian plan of life is not to attempt some great thing, however spiritually beautiful, chosen by our own religious ambition; it is to do the will of God. Yet it is lawful to congratulate with a reverent gladness, as the specially privileged ministers of a celestial purpose, our brethren and our sisters, dear to the Lord, whom He has willed to depart far hence unto the Gentiles. They go to a work weighted often with danger, always with exacting problems, calling at every turn for an infinite patience, while the blind world judges where it does not ignore. But it is a work in which hearts are enlarged by the largeness of the calling and the hope. It is a work pregnant of blessing for the whole Christendom of the future, and it is vital to the life of the Christendom of to-day. Beautiful are those witnesses' feet upon the mountains and the plains of this dark earth, and great is their reward in heaven.

XII

THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

"He shall glorify me."—St. John xvi. 14.

It is inevitable that the preacher on Whit-Sunday should approach, with reverence and godly fear, the theme of the Holy Spirit. It is fit and right that, finding himself here in this great church of God, and called to minister the Word particularly before Christian students, he should seek to touch that theme as nearly as possible at its living heart. So I have felt myself shut up as it were to this great text, with its few words and its boundless significance. For the vast and radiant circumference of the revealed operation of the Holy Spirit of God has this for its inmost and ultimate centre, its *sanctum sanctorum* of truth and life, that it is His function to glorify the Christ.

Great and multifold, as you well know, are the works and functions of the Eternal Spirit as indicated in the Scriptures. His part in the

mystery of creation is shown in one luminous glimpse on the first page of the Book; there the Spirit of God moves upon the face of the aboriginal abyss, hovering, for so the Hebrew seems to intimate, as with brooding wings above it, to bring the life of things to birth; a suggestion from the dawn of revelation of that subtle and intimate relation between the material and the spiritual which only grows upon our thoughts with man's last advances in the observation of Nature. The Holy Spirit's presence and power in the sphere of human mentality is assured to us as a deliverance of Scripture, when, for example, we read of the artificers of the Tabernacle at Sinai as "filled" from above "with the Spirit of God, in wisdom, and understanding, and knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship." The Spirit can descend as He will upon the soul of the patriot warrior; and a Jephthah and a Saul, as that power comes upon them and clothes them, lead on their "fiery mass of living valour, rolling on the foe," in a tempest of victory such as the Berserker never knew. And I need not speak of the perpetual mementos in the Bible of the

Spirit's power in seers and preachers, now giving to man, by a process altogether inscrutable but effectual, sure vision of the future, now making his tongue burn with moral fire, kindled in him from God's heaven, as he warns or wins with a divine energy in the appeal. Then come up the golden passages of promise and teaching, where the Spirit is discovered breaking into the heart of stone, now creating it into a sanctuary for God, convincing, converting, hallowing, empowering, and filling with His *sobria ebrietas*, His "calm excess," the will, the being; "pouring His life in every part, to re-create the whole."

So we approach the centre of His motions and His wonders. And we find Him there speaking His supreme Word, unveiling His inmost secret, kindling and applying to the human soul the ultimate treasure of divine love. "He shall glorify me." The Spirit is His own eternal and most benignant self above all things when He makes the Christ of God, the Son of the Father's love, glorious to man.

How does He do it? The question is im-

possible if we dream of putting it lightly and perfunctorily. *Abit in mysterium;* the enquiry goes off into the depths of God. But it is lawful to ask it humbly, seeking only for such fragments of answer as alone are possible below, in anything and everything about the way of our salvation.

For one great thing (so I take it), it is the Holy Spirit Who is perpetually glorifying Christ by providing in the Holy Scriptures, now through law and prophets, now through evangelists and apostles, the portrait of the redeeming Lord which is borne upon the canvas of history. Let us dwell for this moment upon the sacred Gospels only. They are indeed, from one great aspect, human in every line; betraying nowhere, that I can see, a suggestion that even one paragraph was written in a rapture as to the narrator's mental or psychical condition. We almost see St. Luke scrutinizing his primeval documents, and questioning his authentic witnesses, the Mother of the Lord among them, as "naturally" as any modern biographer could do. Yes, but somehow the resultant phenomenon is a miracle. Contemplate this holy

Tetrateuch, those four presentations of Jesus the Christ, the Man, the Son, the Brother, the Friend, the Servant, the Sufferer, the Lord, the God; meek and lowly of heart, yet perfectly certain of Himself, of His majesty, His purity, His eternity; Lover of the little child, and Master of the powers of nature, and the hosts of heaven, and the hosts of hell; dying, truly and utterly, yet coming up from that complete death completely living, serene and silent in almighty victory; and all the while, in that astonishing return, however transfigured as to corporeal conditions, proving Himself "this same Jesus," unalterably the same, in His tenderness, His fidelity, His homely companionableness with His peasant friends, maintained up to the very moment when He lifts His feet finally from Olivet and blesses them as He departs. Is not that record, manifold yet one, a miracle, a thing apart and solitary in literature? There is nothing in the least like it in all the classics of Greece, and Rome, and India, and in whatever has been written in the Europe of the latter days. In these centuries just past, the devices which endeavour to

conceal the art of authorship behind a simulated Nature have been at last developed to a curious perfection. But where, even so, is to be found a narrative which thus takes up a material infinitely wonderful and handles it with a manner unsurpassable for simplicity, for sanity, for modesty, with an absence total and invariable of uneasy effort after effects, with precisely the air and bearing of the wise yet guileless chronicler, oblivious of himself, occupied wholly with his rôle of reporter and witness, with his allegiance to his subject, to his Lord? And all this, remember, the Gospel-writers did in an age, and within conditions of place and of race, which produced, as a practically contemporary phenomenon, that grotesque and *banale* literature known as the New Testament Apocrypha; that total contrast in manner and spirit to the Canonical Gospels; forming, by way of foil, one of the most powerful and precious testimonies to their truth.

This, I dare to say, is the finger of God. It calls, in order to its complete explanation, for such a guidance behind it as shall work indeed with a perfect sympathy along

the free and living lines of human authorship, yet so as to secure a truth of record and of portraiture wholly other than accidental, and worthy of the wonderful, the uniquely fair and noble subject of the presentation.

Such are the Gospels. I confidently say that they are such in quality, in manner, and measure, and method, that the deepest in us, which is also the simplest—not our artificial and superficial element, but our deepest—finds in them, the longer they are pondered with any genuine sympathy, not a composition but a photograph. What they picture must have been seen. It was fact. He was fact. And what He was, by all the nature of things both human and eternal, He is.

To present him aright and adequately no provincial pens of the first century were competent. No; those artless authors brought indeed to the work themselves, believing and true. But their sufficiency to portray the Son of God and Man for all time was not of themselves. They were wielded, in all their mental and moral freedom, by another Person, by the Holy Spirit. The Christ, upon

the field of historical record, was glorified by Him.

My brethren, pause a moment over that supreme gift of history, the fact of Jesus Christ our Lord. The words are familiar, almost to a fault, the fact of Christ. We have taken it so much for granted, perhaps, as to look at it all too casually. Surely it is not without a gracious purpose that a new and aggressive *critique* has gathered round those Gospels and that Person, within the last few years particularly. It may be precisely the plan of the Spirit of wisdom and knowledge so to shake us out of otiose and nominal confidences as to drive us home upon convictions grasped by some real toil of thought, and tempered into keenness by the courage that looks denial in the face, and questions questioners; and so to give us back a faith more living, more like the primitive, more able to overcome.

But think, the fact of Jesus Christ our Lord! Behold Him, historically immovable amidst the ocean-stream of time; the eternal witness to what is greater than time, while it controls it, as the rocky globe of earth is greater than

the seas which it sustains. Ponder the immense paradox, this God and Man, one Christ; this Galilean artisan, to whom we, with no moment of misgiving about our sanity, have prayed, and shall pray again, to-day, with humblest adoration, and with a consciousness that He is our all. State and restate the paradox from every side. Consider Him. *Ecce Homo;* behold, it is Man. Look upon this mother's Son, this neighbour's neighbour, and friend of His friends; this seeker of human affections with a human heart; plenteous of tears and cries, in His human griefs unutterable; and yet, yet, our Lord and our God, Brightness of the glory and express image of the person of the Father. To-day, in seal and mystery, we shall eat His flesh and drink His blood, in this very church, yet believing that He is set for ever upon the throne of universal being, waiting only the day when the very last of all futile rivalries and enemies shall be the stool beneath His feet. This is either the wildest dream that ever dominated a terrible victim of religious mania, *or* it is a truth so lofty as to lift itself above the sky of thought, into the region where great

antinomies find their eternal harmony, and yet so deep that its foot is set on the solid earth, and its base underreaches the grave and gates of death. And what shall decide us in this dilemma between a great madness and an everlasting truth? It is this. The tree is known by its fruits. This tree bears life, the eternal life, in human lives. Then it is nothing other than the tree of life, in the midst of the Paradise of God.

We have not followed cunningly devised fables, *μύθοις σεσοφισμένοις*. In "sober certainty of waking bliss," a bliss as entirely sane as it is exalted, the old Apostle writes of "that which his eyes have seen, and his hands have handled, concerning the Word of Life"; this he "declares" to us; for indeed "the Life was manifested," to be visible for ever now to the soul.

Thus in fragments of thought we have dwelt upon the work of the Spirit as He glorifies the Christ in history. But is this all? Is it only that He so guided prophet, and evangelist, and apostle, that we have right when we take this Lord Jesus Christ to be, in the supremest sense

the words can bear, matter of fact? Alas! it is possible to travel round and over the immense evidence for Him as such, and to know with our whole mind that the ground is good, and yet to be cold in soul. We may be mentally certain, and yet miss the contact of our life with His, finding only verbal perplexities in the utterances of worshipping and wondering love with which His saints, from the first to this most modern hour, bear testimony to Him. It is true still to-day that the natural man receiveth not the things spiritual; they are foolishness unto him. The proof of Christ may be complete, and intellectually interesting in the highest measure, and yet Christ may be to us only a name, great but remote. Then comes in that other and more intimate operation of the Spirit of light, life, and love, when He touches the deepest man in man, and, in the Lord's own words, takes of the things of Christ and shows them; when in us—not only above us, or to us, but in us—the Son of God is unveiled; when the firm outlines of the mighty fact begin to take upon them and around them the rays of a living and all-tender brightness from above the

sun, and the Spirit opens the eyes of the heart, and releases the will, and brings into a proximity and communion indescribable the believer and the Lord, and Christ is glorified to the whole being of the disciple.

So Thomas saw Him in the chamber, and Paul upon the Syrian road, and the Ethiopian by the desert well, and Lydia in the Philippian prayer-house. So Peter's converts, like their great missionary, saw their Saviour, when, "in Him believing, they rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." And that race of seers is immortal. Have you never met any of them? "How shall I describe it," writes one whom I well know, "the recent discovery of the riches unsearchable I have so long possessed in those familiar words, *The only begotten of the Father, His dear Son?*"

Yes, so they see Him still. For the Spirit glorifies Him still. And still He is ready to respond to the cry of the heart of man; "Open Thou mine eyes; Lord God the Holy Ghost, I would see Jesus."

With that sight, what does not come to the wondering seer? Once the Son of the Blessed

is thus inwardly revealed, every truth of our salvation glows into a living glory, for each is only a ray of Him. Pardon and peace, emancipation of the will, inward victory and power, all cease to be formulas in becoming life. Sacrifice, service, self-discipline—words too often abhorrent in our generation, morally enervated as it is amidst its hurry and its doubts —shine out as the beautiful and desirable "imitations of Christ" which they are; imitations not in the sense of a formal copy but as the issue from within of worshipping and most grateful sympathies. And as for death, it is a doorway flooded from within with light, and approached by a pathway which is light itself. The glorified Christ is always beside the traveller here, and there—to depart is to be far better off; is to be with such a Christ, unveiled for ever.

I have done, yet so far I have not done that in a few brief sentences I must speak of two great matters. Our hearts have all been shaken this week by the woeful news from the Canadian seas, the sweeping of those thousand souls as in a moment through the crowded gate

of eternity. At such tidings the awe and shadow of the unseen seems to grow thicker round us. And we faintly think of the anguish which at this moment fills a thousand homes. And we think of God, and are troubled. Why was it so? Doth the Most High care? Is He after all a God of Epicurus, smiling in secret over "sinking ships and praying hands"? There is no answer to the heart worth making but the Lord Jesus Christ, the Christ of God, glorified by the Spirit. Behold the Son of the Father. And so, behold the Father of the Son. He Who for us spared not Him is love behind it all. What He does we know not to-day. But to-morrow, in the sun, we shall know, and see, and, behold, it will be well.

I remind you as I close of the great cause to which our alms are dedicated. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel will accept and use them—that great Christian institution, two centuries old, which, in the pagan and Moslem world and also in the vast frontier provinces of this Empire, carries to man the saving Name. Never was the world so open to that errand—so open; aye, so articulately calling for the messengers.

And we at home are but half awake to the world's need, niggardly of gifts, shy of personal service. And the Gospel, what is it? It is the everlasting Son of the Father, incarnate, sacrificed, alive for evermore, and glorified to man by the Spirit of our God.

XIII
GOD'S CIVIC MINISTERS

"They are God's ministers."—Rom. xiii. 6.

We meet to-day before our eternal and invisible King, in the midst of this beautiful temple of His worship, on an occasion which will always be memorable here. This ancient and distinguished town counts many a historic landmark in its retrospect since that distant day, nearly one thousand years ago, when "Styr, the son of Ulphus, obtained licence of King Etheldred that he might give Dearningtun with its dependencies to St. Cuthbert." Here, a century afterwards, the magnificent Bishop Hugh built his castle and promoted the rearing of this glorious church. Here, in later days, when the northern England of Henry VIII was shaken by the "Pilgrimage of Grace," the mighty king's own commissioner was almost violently beset by the unruly independence of the citizens. Here Strafford was present and

active for a while when the later and greater Civil War broke out. And here, after another long century and three-quarters, that vast peaceful revolution was initiated, the railroad, setting the whole world astir. Epoch-making indeed was that September day of 1825, when the world's first steam-drawn train of passenger "coaches" ran along the Darlington and Stockton line.

And now another great and conspicuous milestone in the story of Darlington has been passed. The Borough has risen into the dignity and responsibilities of a County Borough, and so into a more complete and substantive independence and autonomy. This is not the place nor the hour for municipal details; but it will sufficiently remind us of the practical importance of the development if I mention the fact that the powers of the new Urban Authority, detached from its former subordination to that of the County of Durham, include a large freedom in dealing with the needs and problems of education on the one hand and of licensing on the other. Far more now than previously the magistracy of Darlington will be able to

use their own free judgment in both these far-reaching fields of administration.

May an abundant and fruitful prospering attend the whole action of the new and dignified constitution. May the highest welfare of this active English community conspicuously rise and expand under its influence.

To myself the sense of privilege is great in being thus permitted to minister in connection with this happy crisis, and to mount a pulpit for the first time again after a long, enforced, and unwilling silence. To Darlington many a link of grateful memory binds me. Never while I live can I forget the day, now almost exactly thirteen and a half years behind us (the same Chief Magistrate was in the chair then and now), when on your station platform a welcome was given to the stranger Bishop and his wife—the first welcome within the diocese—which equally astonished and uplifted them as they stepped into a life so totally, so anxiously, new.

These recollections, ancient and recent; these reminders of the significance of this particular

occasion, lead us now directly to that brief fragment of the Word of God which I have recited as my text, "*They are God's ministers.*"

And who, in this utterance of St. Paul and of the inspiring Spirit by St. Paul, are "*they*"? "Ministers of God"; we are accustomed to the term; we familiarly apply it to the ordained officers of religion, the clergy of the Church, guardians and leaders of worship, dispensers of Sacraments, preachers of the Word. Yes; but the Apostle is not thinking of them here. He is busy with the Christian's relations not with the Church but the State, not with spiritual worship but with civic duty, not with bishop, priest, deacon, or what not of spiritual office; but with emperor, governor, prefect (or, as we should call him, mayor); with officers of revenue, with custodians of order and of law.

It is a wonderful passage, this paragraph of the great Roman Epistle, when we come to think. This supremely profound and comprehensive letter to the Christian converts of the world-city reaches in its argument the heights

and depths of spiritual and transcendent truth. It discourses of the sin of man, the glory of Christ, the propitiation of the Cross, the power of faith, the peace of the justified, the transcendent purity of the life to which the justified disciple is called, and for which he is made able by his trusted God. Then it ascends towards the coming glory, when He Who plucked His people from their fall and shame shall bring them at last to such exaltations in His blissful presence that all creation (so we read) sighs and struggles towards the emancipation which it also shall experience, in some way most wonderful, when "the liberty of the glory of the sons of God" shall come in at last.

Such is the Epistle to the Romans as it looks Christward and heavenward, and speaks its vision out. Surely, we might think, such a writing can have little to say about the common round, the human working day, the detailed and difficult practicalities of life in town, in state. It will not take notice, surely, of the system of an empire which was not human only but pagan, and at whose head just

then sat not only *some* potentate who knew not Christ, but the utterly unprincipled and ruthless libertine whose name is a proverb of evil still, Nero Cæsar. Well, it appears to be not so, however. The pen which has traced the sublime path of everlasting salvation does, as a fact, proceed here to write down, large and unmistakable, the duties of the loyal citizen. Listen to them. "Let every soul be subject to the higher powers"; "the powers that be are ordained of God"; "he is the minister of God to thee for good"; "he beareth not the sword in vain"; "ye must needs be subject, for conscience' sake"; "for this cause pay ye tribute also" (rates and taxes, then as now), "for they are God's ministers, attending continually on this very thing."

Yes, the Gospel of Eternity is, for the very reason that it is such, the guardian of Time. For it shows us the future and the present in a connection vital and indissoluble. The coming life, in the teaching of the Lord Christ, is not a something which is somehow to begin when the present is done and gone. It is to spring out of the present; it is to succeed it as the

harvest succeeds the sowing. The Gospel reverences to-day because of to-morrow. It regards our week-day cares and calling not as a negligible thing to be left aside while the spiritual alone is worth thinking of; to be treated at best with a sort of contemptuous indifference by the religious mind, which is merely to throw to it, as it were, the leavings of its attention and its resources; while on the other hand religion is to be severely left out of the ideals of the present and the secular. No; let us say it once more; to the Christian Gospel the present is sacred, because of the future. The Apostles are as sanely practical, as wholesomely loyal to common duties, as they are sublimely true to eternal truths and hopes. And one of the very firmest and most irrefutable of the evidences of Christianity (let me remind you for a moment) lies precisely in that fact. The faith of Christ roots itself, indeed, in a supernatural Person, and in the mighty miracles of His incarnation and His triumph over death. But its fruits and its very leaves are for the present and temporal healing of the nations. Its glory comes out, as a moral

principle and power, in a life of sober purity and universal common duty. And such fruits from such a tree are their own evidence and guarantee of genuineness for ever. The world-conquering creed of Christ is purely divine in its origin. But it is the antithesis of fanaticism, which is never practical. It is the benediction of human life in its whole range of relations. As such *it cannot possibly be the fanatic's dream.* It lives and moves with the action and accent of comprehensive and all-healthful truth.

"*They are God's ministers.*" Yes; the imperial and urban authorities of the Neronian empire, because they were officers of order, and, upon the whole, agents of justice, guardians of common human life, were to the Apostle God's ministers. A few years later than the date of the Roman Epistle, the misguided Cæsar was to use his governmental as well as personal powers to exterminate, if possible, the disciples of the Crucified, as alleged anarchists, nihilists, atheists. But here we find these very people, addressed in a private letter by their leader, apart, behind the scenes, not in the

market-place but in the evening meeting, in words meant only for their own eyes and ears. And the whole golden burthen of that letter, what is it? It is just this—and this is the native message of the Gospel—"Fear God; honour the King"; live for eternity, and serve the State.

It is something, is it not, that we can thus confidently affirm of the faith of Christ that it hath the promise of this life as well as of that which is to come? This mighty message and appeal, the Gospel, finds access not less but more into the human heart, with its profound necessities of sin and of sorrow, for showing itself all the while so mindful of the pressing realities of life as life has to be faced among the sons of men. Shall not our recollection of its regard for this life's order send us to learn from it, always more humbly and more confidently, the eternal secret, the unveiling of the glory of the life invisible, the love and grace of the Christ of God?

Some reflections of highly practical import, timely for our celebration to-day, arise from

this view of our text. With these I draw our contemplation to a close.

First, then, this affirmation of the divine sanction upon civil administration forms a penetrating appeal, to us the rank and file of citizens, to regard highly, cordially, and with prayer, the magistracies under which we live. If St. Paul could thus write of the civil officers of the Roman system, a system at that time wholly pagan, and which ever and again broke into ferocious opposition to the infant Church, what should our attitude be towards the constituted authorities of Christian England, whether a King (God bless him!) who is not officially only but personally and in truth "religious," or the honoured local governors of a great English town, who themselves take care to initiate their new development of authority with this great act of worship at the feet of Christ?

Let us bear them often, not in our loyal thought only, but in our earnest supplications. "They are God's ministers." Let us speak to God about His servants, and win from Him, the hearer and lover of prayer, the promised gift,

for their grave and elevated calling, of the Holy Spirit. For Scripture bids us see in that divine Person, Who is the Lord, the Giver of Life, not only the converter and hallower of the soul, but the secret inspirer of the intellect and the will of man in common life. It is the Holy Spirit Who, in Exodus, elevates to its best the genius of the artists of the Tabernacle. It is the Holy Spirit Who, in Judges, lifts the patriot soldier to the fiery height of an invincible valour. It is He Who dwells upon the tongue of a David, and within the brain of a Solomon, for purposes of regal eloquence and wisdom. So may He be pleased to deal in His own way, all wise and efficacious, with our magistracy of the County Borough. Through Him may they be always true shepherds of the people, blind to personal and partial interests, keen-eyed and strong-handed for all that is pure, and just, and honourable, and of good report; wise in righteous council, firm in righteous action, for the common good.

Then, secondly, and as the final message of the text, I lay it upon the hearts of these

our civic ministers of God, as upon all our hearts, but now especially on theirs, to live and act in the abiding recollection that in the watchwords of Christ and His Gospel alone is to be found the ultimate secret of social prosperity and peace. I am not speaking now of doctrinal or ecclesiastical details. I point you to the very vitals of the Gospel, to the heart of its faith and of its morals, and to what this has to do with the hopes of Society and the State. At the centre of the Christian revelation, what do we see? *A self-sacrificing God.* From the throne of all existence, from the inmost sanctuary of infinite wisdom where are seen all things as they are, behold, there comes, self-given, the eternal personal Love, for us men and for our salvation. He comes down to the cradle of the human babe, to the cottage, the workshop, the homeless wandering, and at length to the Cross and its unfathomable death. Such is the Christ-God, of Whom we presume to bear the wonderful name and call ourselves Christians. And the religion of this Christ-God, what is it in its quality? On the one hand, as we have seen, it is more

sane, more sober, more regardful of the realities of present life and duty, than all the philosophies and economies. But on the other hand it calls upon its disciples, as the basal principle of their whole character and conduct, never to forget that they are the vassals of a self-sacrificing God. And the application of that principle in practice, what is it? It is the carrying into life what the whole Bible, and above all the Lord and His Apostles, inculcate as the supreme law for the peace and equity of human life; I mean the placing first the rights of others and second the rights of self; the placing first the duties of self and second the duties of others.

Slowly, but I think steadily, the common conscience is getting to see that that law is not only vital for the individual and in private life, but that obedience to it, as to a maxim of impartial obligation all round, is the absolute requisite to peace and happiness in the life of nations, in the life of business, in the relations of labour and capital, in the conduct of civic affairs.

To this growing consciousness of the vital

significance of Christ for the social order, has not even this awful crisis of our nation brought its contribution? The war has already, in a way and measure unimaginable nine months ago, shamed into silence the harsh cries of party, and brought classes to see brothers in one another. O sufferers by the world-conflict, O hearts broken in this tremendous shock of nations, you will sometimes think, will you not, with a mournful but glorious victory of thought, that through the wreck which has shaken your souls and desolated your hearths, the world has taken a long step forward in the sense of its need of Christ.

For is it not so? We are assuredly getting to feel, to recognize, that man's common life will never be at peace, whatever laws are passed by senates, whatever revolutions are made by multitudes, till the Christian programme of conduct is carried into all parts of organized existence; till we are ruled all round by the loyal worship of a self-sacrificing God.

May that ideal, as practical as it is divine, penetrate our own community here and now

in deeper and wider measure evermore. May it inspire the magistracy of the new County Borough in their momentous responsibilities. And may it go home from this church with every one of us, and abide with us in living power for ever.

XIV

THE SOLDIER AND HIS LORD

"To this end Christ died, and lived again, that He might be Lord of both the dead and the living."—ROM. xiv. 9 (R.V.).

I HAVE but one theme, one message, Soldiers and Friends, to bring to you to-day. And it is, first and last, a Person, the Lord Jesus Christ.

For nearly fifty years now I have been a preacher. In that long time I have spoken, of course, of many things. But from the first till now I have found that if I was to do my best for others I must be for ever dealing with that Name. As the years close round me now, and the end draws on, I feel always more as if I had nothing else to speak of but the Lord. For my own manifold needs He proves Himself to be wonderfully all, the answer, the peace, the light, the power. And sure I am that He can also prove to be all this for every

man whom I can approach in the dear fellowship of human life.

So now I set Him out before you. It is a high privilege to me to speak in this Chapel, precious to me with countless memories, since first I knelt in it as a Trinity freshman in 1860 —to speak here, I say, to you, to men indeed, men whose link with this College is not books and sports, but the proud discipline of arms in face of the greatest war of human history. To old sons of the College like me it is a thought to stir the spirit that Trinity should thus, in so new a fashion, be serving England and the world. And so the preacher's very soul is in his message, for it is delivered to men who are walking and working here upon a noble level of sacrificial duty, training for whatever may be God's will at the vast front of battle.

Therefore, with the more entire conviction and decision I speak to you to-day of this Lord Jesus Christ. For He is supremely *the Man*. Constraining, indeed, from the side of loving-kindness, are His claims over the soul. Think of the tenderness of His compassions, of the infinite gentleness of His affections, for the

little child, for the broken heart. Think again of the mysteries of His sacred Person and of the spiritual wonders of His work, as Redeemer and Saviour of a sinning and mortal race. But with it all He is also always the Son of Man, the Man of men. As is His mercy, as He is indeed the all-gentle Jesus, so is the majesty of His manhood. In the absolute reality of that manhood, which was one with Godhead, and will be one with it for ever, yet never for an hour was confused with it, or made by it less sincerely human, He lived a life infinitely manful. In His spirit He moved always at the uttermost height of normal force and firmness. And then He died—and what was the manner of His death? He freely gave His sacred body, in all its physical perfection of sensibility under pain, to tortures without measure. Amid their tremendous inroads He spoke only to bless and benefit others—the executioners, the thief, and then His Mother. At the last He did indeed break into a cry great and bitter. But it was wrung from Him not by the pain which He transcended, nor by the hideous shame, which He despised,

but by the blackness of the hiding of His Father's face from Him, for us.

Yes, the Lord Christ is indeed the man's Man. True, if we would get close to Him, if we would find salvation in Him, so He plainly tells us—the man must will to be the child. He must sink at the Master's feet. He must take all His teaching. He must let Him have all His way. But let him once do so; let him touch the sacred feet once wounded, and then he shall find himself, you shall find yourself, in that kindest but almightiest embrace of the Christ, lifted to be greater than yourself, nobler, stronger, firmer, freer. You shall be a MAN in CHRIST.

Such men I have known. Here, fifty-five years ago, I had a friend, one of a set of friends at Trinity who were true *men* in every noble sense of the term. He was meant for the army, but impaired health forbade him to take a commission, and so he came to Cambridge. He had passed through a military college, now long closed, where technical training was of the best but morals were of the worst. Refined and

gentle, and also having lately found Christ for his own, he encountered a state of things in which vice was popular. His three years' residence was in due course completed. He had won every distinction: the gold medal, the sword of honour, and I know not what besides. But also, what was immeasurably more, vice through him was out of fashion. Christ in His man had overcome the devil. At twenty-two, in Switzerland, of typhoid, died this friend of mine. *Obdormivit in Christo.* It was a death all of a piece with a life in which the Lord within him had developed equally two sides of a perfect manhood, gentleness and a will invincible.

Soldiers and Friends, I name again before you this Lord Jesus, with all the affection of an older man in whose heart, however, youth beats strong still. I point to Him as to the Claimant of your whole homage, the Captain and Commander of your salvation. To Him it is our most glorious privilege to take the *sacramentum militare*, the soldier's oath, to live and to die as indeed His own.

I will assume that you have all taken it—magnificent assumption! It was taken for us in our baptism. Confirmation calls the young Churchman to take it again in his own person. But such acts, if they are living things, are only the outward signs of a perpetual spiritual attitude. Make that attitude every day your own. And in the power and liberty of the peace of your liege Lord, rejoice His soul by continuous surrender of yourself to be the heart-whole vassal of this matchless Sovereign.

Ah, what a right over you is His! He does not make it a matter of *force majeure*. He does not begin by saying that to refuse Him is high treason to His crown. That is not His way. Before He called you to be His He gave Himself to be yours. For your sake He abhorred not the Virgin's womb, nor the homeless wandering, nor the sweat of blood, nor the terrific Cross, nor the broken heart, nor the grave-clothes, nor the tomb.

Look through His wounds into His soul. And then yield yourself with joy to Him in an entire reliance. He loves us men so well that He cannot be content to save; He must

also have. He must be absolute over you, but on purpose that He may absolutely bless you.

"Lord of the dead and living; Lord of us, dead and living." What a majestic *unification* of our whole future lies in those words! Christ's vassal belongs to a Possessor who dearly prizes His dear-bought property. His love and his lordship are woven fast into each other. What shall separate them? What shall separate Him and us, so held? Shall the stress of life, shall the temptations of the common day, shall the shock of battle, shall victory, shall death? Nay, He will not let go. We shall be kept for ever by a trusted Christ. In Him we rest: in Him we move and overcome. In Him we shall possess an endless heaven.

Quite recently, so I have just heard through a person present, a variety entertainment was given in London for men going to the Front. At the close the Colonel asked a young officer to express the soldiers' thanks. He did so, with perfect courtesy and

pleasantness. Then changing tone, he said: "We are soon crossing to France and to the trenches, and very possibly, of course, to death. Will any of our friends here tell us how to die?" A great silence followed. Then one of the vocalists quietly found her way to the front of the stage, and sang, "O rest in the Lord." There were very few dry eyes, said the witness, when she had done.

O rest in the Lord! He *is* rest—not the rest of stagnation, but that which lies at the heart of all that is most nobly strenuous and strong. Would you really know what the great word means? Then, for the first, or for the hundredth time, take your soldier's oath at his feet. He is LORD of us, dead and living.

XV

THE LORD'S BROTHER

"I saw James, the Lord's brother."—GAL. i. 19.

MY text is a note, the simplest possible, of an incidental matter of fact, made passingly by the writer in the course of a series of personal recollections. This writer is a missionary, addressing a pastoral letter to a group of his converts. It happens to be important that he should remind them of certain events in his own life which have a bearing upon their estimate of the value of his spiritual message. So recollecting, so recording, he mentions a visit which he had once paid to Jerusalem, some three years or a little more after a supreme crisis in his spiritual history. In the holy city he had stayed for about a fortnight, as the guest of Peter, with whom it had been his purpose to converse. As it happened, the other members of Peter's circle, John, Andrew, Philip, and the rest, did not cross his path.

One person only besides Peter of the nearer disciples of Jesus of Nazareth did he meet; and this was James, the Lord's brother. That is all; the matter at once passes off. With a warm asseveration of the truth of his statement that of the inner circle he saw no one else during that fortnight, the writer, to wit, Paul of Tarsus, goes on at once to other and more extended recollections.

Here is as brief a memento as could well be put down; as it were a small item in a diary. In itself it is a plain fragment of the dry prose of fact untouched, uncoloured, by the faintest haze of imagination; different as anything thrown into words could well be from the poetical, from the mythical, from the mysterious, from what transcends the level of common life. And it is a note, a note of this ordinary character, from the incidents of a time dating not far from nineteen centuries ago. What can it have to say to the hearts of us men to day, as the motive of a message from the Christian pulpit?

You will believe me that I have given out to you this short sentence as my text not

lightly, not without a consciousness of the paradox which, as a text, it must present. It would challenge some surprise, I think, in any congregation. It may abundantly well do so in this congregation and at this time. With a soul much moved and solemnized I find myself called once more to preach in this beloved and honoured place, in the church where first, as a young freshman, some years more than half a century ago, I heard, I think, from the lips of Charles John Vaughan, a University sermon. The spell of innumerable memories, present to me everywhere in Cambridge, is powerful indeed upon me here. It lifts me and moves me with the serious purpose not to waste so sacred an opportunity for my Lord, thus graciously accorded by my University.

Besides, I recall not the place only but the time. We are here at a moment in our annals great and pregnant beyond all precedent. This is the first term of the revival, in any large measure, of our academical life after the awful interval of the years of universal war. To an old and grateful son of Cambridge such an

epoch brings up hopes and longings difficult to express in their depth and fullness. Highest and dearest of all such hopes to me is that in the new flow of life here, as the vital forces of youth begin to pour themselves again, only the stronger for the strength of their channel, along the lines of historic order and traditions full at once of law and liberty, the faith of Christ may more than ever work with power in the whole human movement. In that sanctuary, and only there, so I affirm with a conviction enforced by the observation of a long life, lives the ultimate secret for the growth and fruitfulness of a clean and true society: for the lasting dominance of noblest ideals, lifting the great heart of youth towards a future of unselfish service; yes, and for the purest and most exalted achievements of the mind. For mind always fails of its really highest conquests when its quest of knowledge leaves reverence behind, and when its use of knowledge slights the law of love. And nowhere so surely and so lastingly as in the faith and fear of Him Who is at once the supreme Love incarnate, the eternal Wisdom,

and the vital Head and Bond of created existence, does the human reason find alike and together its freedom and fullness of power and its equilibrium and safeguard in the use of master faculties for ends always good.

Such is something of the view, as reverent as it is loyal, which I take to-day of the conditions of this place and of this time. Why then, here and now, admitted to the sacred opportunity of the pulpit of St. Mary's, can I find no other text than this, this almost monosyllabic memorandum from a remote biography: "I saw James, the Lord's brother"?

It is most certainly a paradox. As such, however, it is not out of keeping with the Christian Gospel: for that Gospel is itself one supreme paradox, and it perpetually expresses itself in its parts and details by way of riddle and surprise. And in the matter of the text it will soon appear, I think, that under a phrase of extreme simplicity lies a great significance, an open secret of the Lord.

Take up this item in the reminiscences of St. Paul, and look it over, and ask what it suggests. We find it in a writing authentic

beyond all reasonable question. This letter, in its every sentence, I say it without fear, defies the possibility of a personated and fictitious authorship, pretending to a false date. Microscopes of literary study have been turned upon the Epistle to the Galatians by a large circle of enquirers as various as independent, and as competent as can be named. As a result, we need not doubt for a moment that it is the production of St. Paul, and that it was written at latest in the year 54, and very possibly (recent studies seem to tend, on the whole, towards that date) as early as the year 51. That is to say, that when this missive saw the light, when this note of the interview with James was made, not more than six-and-twenty years, quite probably not more than twenty-three, had passed since the raising of the Cross on Golgotha. May we go a little further into detail? (not to burthen you with particulars easily verifiable, but to give only some results from reasonably certain data). We find this letter-writer, writing at that primeval date, going back in sober recollection to dates yet more primeval. With excellent historical

reasons we can locate the visit to Jerusalem in the year of Christ 41, or close to it. That is to say, remembering what is familiar, that our era, the Birth of Jesus, came long ago to be placed in the world's annals a little later than the fact, so that about four or five years have to be added to each annual number—the sight of James by Paul took place not more than about fourteen years after the Passion.

Consider a little what this suggests as to the fact-character of the biography of Jesus Christ. This artless mention, made when it was made, of personal intercourse at Jerusalem between two men, one of whom was familiarly known as James, the Lord's brother, carries us up, beyond all serious risks of intervening legendary accretions or distortions, to the earliest days of Christianity. The writer's recollection here has to cover only a quarter of a century. That is a tract of time which, to a man in middle life, shows itself in retrospect under the broadest daylight of a conscious certainty in regard of its main contents. The faces and the intercourse of five-and-twenty years ago are to me objects not only distinctly visible

but seeming often more tangible to the mind, so has time adjusted their perspective, than incidents of the last twelve months. Not to the poet of *Faust* alone it comes to be strangely true that—

> "What lives around me fades into the distance;
> The things long gone appear the real existence."

I spoke of twenty-five years. In my own memory the life of more than twice that temporal remoteness stands out even so to-day, the dear far-off sixties, and my college-terms within them, the friends, the comrades unforgettable, whom then it was my great gain to know in the companionship of rooms, and hall, and lecture, and chapel, and field, and river;

> "The once full circle, partners of my prime;
> A fragment now amidst the dusk of time."

Those men are no more myth to me than the faces I see here this hour and the voices I may presently be answering in friendly converse. Well, it was within half that distance that Paul recalled his intercourse with James, and when that remembered converse was in act, James had to look back over little more

than half that half again to recall the days of Nazareth.

Think further, if you will, of what is implied in just that particular, that the person thus mentioned as the second party in that friendly intercourse was "the Lord's *brother*."

I am not about to dwell on the ancient problem of the exact relationship between Jesus of Nazareth and the four men known as His brothers. There is no need here to do so. Whatever the link was it was a very close link in respect of habitation and companionship. This James, as one of those four, was a man who, at a time not far distant then, well within thirty years of the period of this written notice, had lived under the same cottage-roof with Jesus. No doubt he had sat by Him at the teacher's feet in the town school. He had roved with Him on the hills; he had watched with Him the ploughmen and the sowers, and the oxen of the threshing-floor, lashing out ever and again at the driver's iron-shod goad. He had worked beside Him, very likely, at the bench, Joseph's apprentice at first, then, possibly, the helper of his brother Jesus,

as He succeeded His reputed father, to be the stay of the widowhood of His Mother. To James Jesus was as concrete a recollection as were Judas, and Joses, and Simon, the other members of the group. He could tell Paul, if Paul desired it, about the physical characteristics of his brother, His stature, the colour of His hair, His *nuances* of gait and voice.

James and Jesus, in the common parlance of the place, on the lips of the Nazarene men and women, were just brothers. No word would have been more common among the neighbours, no fact of local home-life more prosaically free from the glamour of romance.

Here, then, we have one certainty under our view, as one side of our text. Here a letter-writer, whose letter all along betokens him a man of character markedly sane, wise, and practical, alludes to a visit to a friend which had brought him into close contact with a man who, in the then recent past, had been a member of a certain artisan family in Northern Palestine. The simple reference is made in just six words, and left at once behind, so little has it to do with doubt and question. But

then, all the while, the thing had another side. It involved a surpassing wonder. That cottage-home had embraced in its membership two young men, called brothers all round the town. One of them was James. But who was the other? He was—the Lord.

This last designation, thus almost passingly dropped into the statement, arrests us. "The Lord." It is a term reverent and religious. Coming as it does here from the pen of a devout and ardently orthodox Hebrew, it is a term of transcendent significance. Paul, in the Greek version of his Scriptures, knew the word as the token for the presence in the sacred original of the Name Supreme. Used thus alone, out of relative connection, not the Lord of this or of that, but the Lord, it was for Paul, past doubt, a word of solemn sanctity.

Is he perfectly serious? Can he veritably mean what it tends directly to imply? Does he, with a mind in order, think and speak of a person who thus appears as the cottage-comrade, not long before, of a Syrian townsman, as also, and equally in fact, a Being, to say the least of it, superhuman, possessor of a dignity sacred

and supreme, "the Lord," in the lordship of an eminence spiritual and eternal?

That he is serious, that he does mean this, is certain. This whole Epistle, to refer to it alone, casts the light of heaven itself upon this title of the brother of James. Ponder such words as the following, a few out of many written in the Galatian Epistle. Imagine them, if you can, said now by some one—say by me, with reference to a person whose brother I had seen and talked to, at Cambridge, about the year 1906: "Paul, an apostle, not by man, but by Jesus Christ, and God the Father, Who raised Him from the dead": "Our Lord Jesus Christ, Who gave Himself for us that He might redeem us from this present evil world": "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me": "I live by faith in the Son of God, Who loved me and gave Himself for me": "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ": "I bear in my body the marks, the *stigmata*, of the Lord Jesus": "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit."

Such, in the eyes of James' visitor, was James' Brother. This wonderful Being, Paul's

contemporary in human life, was on the other hand superhuman also; Lord, Son of the Eternal, mysterious Inhabitant of the heart, Redeemer, Possessor, Glory. Life, All in all. Into Him this Paul, with all his wealth of thought, and love, and will, sinks as it were delightfully submerged and lost; "not I, but Christ." True, He is not called in set terms God. But can all this deliberate yet impassioned tribute, paid by the great Pharisaic devotee, mean less than Deity? Either James' Comrade of the cottage and the field is also God made man, or the words of James' friend about Him verge upon high treason against the throne of Heaven. For James' friend makes Him out to be man's secret of eternal life, his ultimate and adequate hope and rest, his all-satisfying joy and glory.

Such was certainly the faith of Paul. But was it possible, was it sane? Does not the history of religion abound with instances, ancient and also modern, of prodigious paradoxes of belief, self-condemned by their extravagance, wrecked upon themselves? Have I not known, within these thirty-five years, an ordained

Anglican presbyter, educated and zealous, who somehow betrayed himself at last into the assertion, I think into the belief (and he drew disciples after him), that he was an incarnation of the Supreme Spirit?

Yes; but I know also how tremendously that man's morals were ruined by his delusion. And what I note of the faith of Paul about James' Brother is that from the very first till now that faith has been the root, the direct and vital causation, of a morality pure in principle as heaven, and also practical and reasonable for every need and circumstance of earth; a morality of equity, of loyalty to order, of reverence for every right of the neighbour and of every duty of the self; a law and liberty of righteousness which alone, at this portentous time, gives real hope of peace to the storm-driven human world. Deep at the foundation of the proof of supernatural Christianity is its sanity and majesty of morals. The supreme miracle, Incarnate God, is supremely credible—for, from the very first of its revelation, and we have climbed in our text to the very first, it has been the sure dynamic, as nothing else has ever so

been, of all things good in the heart and in the life of man.

I do not know, of course, how far I carry my brethren with me. But to my own soul, let me humbly avow it, this sentence of the Galatian Letter, written within easy memory of the date of the Resurrection of our Lord, speaks with a power peculiar and intimate concerning alike the solid sanity and the transcendent glory of the Christian's faith. It takes me up at one step to the morning and youth of Christianity. It displays to me there, with one hand, a rock-like surface of intelligible circumstance, seen in the broad light of common human experience. With the other hand it reveals to me, set upon that firm platform, moving and in action upon it, the calm splendour of a certainty that the Jesus of history is also the Lord of the upper heaven, mysterious and gracious Sacrifice for my sins, Life of my life, Crown of my joy, Transfiguration of my sorrows, Satisfaction and Repose of my reason, absolute Object of my love, Master of my will, "strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

So for the ageing man. But what for you,

rich with your splendid possession of youth in English life, in Cambridge life? This same Christ, Brother of James, Brother of you also, this same Christ, Lord of Paul and Lord of all the saints, abides your secret, your solitary but perfect and inexhaustible secret and resource, so you let His will have its way with yours, for the purity, the power, the unselfish goodness, the blissful hope which can make To-day divine with the light of an eternal Morrow of triumphant service deep in the joy of your Lord.

XVI

PRE-REQUISITES TO A REGENERATED WORLD

"That the world may believe that Thou hast sent me."—
St. John xvii. 21.

It is the Lord Who speaks, the Son to the Father, the great High Priest of our covenant, our Intercessor, immortal and supreme. He is soon to pass into the heavens, but now for once He is uttering upon earth, in the immediate hearing of His human followers and friends, His thought about them and His prayer for them, that they may know for ever what He would be as their Advocate at the right hand of the Majesty on high. For them, for the apostolic group, He has just been asking great things, great in the sphere of the life of the Spirit; for them, not for the world, so He has said explicitly. For the mighty graces He has claimed for them are things of which the world, as the world—that is to say, the vast complex of unregenerate human life—is non-receptive.

The world must cease to be itself, it must come to penitence and godly fear, it must kneel and worship in the outer sanctuary, before an initiation can be morally possible into the secret place of the Most High, into the spiritual vision of the Almighty, the knowledge of the Father and the Son, the sanctity of surrender, the fellowship with the Redeemer in His joy. But all the while the Lord is not for a moment forgetting the world. He is speaking direct to that Supreme Love of which He Himself had once said that God so loved the world that for its salvation He gave no less a gift, no lower a sacrifice, than that Son, Only-begotten, immeasurably Beloved, Who now approaches Him on the eve of Gethsemane and Golgotha. As the Prayer moves to its transcendent close, just here, where the Lord's thought rises towards the ultimate glory of the joy set before Him, the world comes up and out upon His lips. The vast blessings asked for the Apostles are indeed to be for them; to lift, and magnify, and beatify, their own being. But they are not to terminate in them. The holiness and

the gladness, the unspeakable intimacy of adoring knowledge, the hidden rapture of the possession of this "Abba, Father," in His Son—it was all to be lodged deep within their happy being, but never to be closed within it. They were to be the living lanterns of the living light. They, and all who through their word should find their secret, were to be God's own vehicle for His power upon the world. Seeing Him, not in the eternal abstract but as in them, men were to be drawn within the divine gravitation. The Christian was to prove a magnet towards the Christ. Above all, the collective Christian life, the concrete mystery of this fellowship of a host of genuine human lives conspicuously united in holiness, and happiness, and love, was to prove a power upon the world, in the Spirit's hands, supremely prevalent. It should win the world to renounce itself; to fear, to aspire, to seek, to worship; to own in the Christ of such a Church the all in all for its own hungry and bewildered life. It was to see Him so as the ultimate Power, Goodness, Love, incarnated in our nature, the very Son, sent by

the Father to rescue and to bless His beloved wanderer, man.

This sacred intimation from the Lord's lips, uttered in the High Priestly Prayer, has been laid upon my heart as a message directly to the point of our Congress here to-day. In the long decades of its existence the Congress has often found itself in the presence of problems raised by critical events, by great historical hopes or fears. It has met sometimes when England and the Empire were heaving with acute and even perilous development or disturbance, and when one or another of all the continents in turn was shaken by the earthquake of war or threat of war. But to-day, after the awful interval and abeyance of five years, we meet to face an England, an Empire, a Europe, a human race, emerging, in a strange bewilderment—here and there still writhing with strife, everywhere loaded with difficulty and doubt—from a war historically unique. There has been nothing like it before in the vastness of its scale, in the horror of its destructions, and in its tremendous collision not only of arms but of ultimate principles;

of right with wrong, of truth with fraud, of liberty with despotic and violent will to dominate; aye (and let me use the words gravely, and with no harsh reference of them to only human forces) — of heaven with hell.

This woefully shaken world has spent already almost a year, since the actual cessation of the main conflict, in its troubled and staggering walk over a new field of history. The field is strewn with black and gory ruins, and with innumerable graves. The path is broken and obscure. The traveller, Humanity, moves all unevenly, now as if with hope and purpose, now again with angry and trampling footsteps. Is it not, to many an anxious watcher, a grave, a bitter disappointment to see in that gait and bearing so little of the humbleness and love which we had hoped for as results of the great tribulation, and yet more to see so little, so very little, of the look of reverence upward which we confidently expected once, and which would mean that man, shaken out of a presumptuous reliance on himself as his saviour and master, was now turning at last, with reverence,

and prayer, and the will to obey and serve, to his forgotten God?

I do not overdraw the picture as it shows itself to innumerable anxious hearts. In the early days of the war there was a widespread revival of the instinct to pray. But it died down, and assuredly, upon the whole, it has not revived. There was a strong and welcome persuasion then, on many sides, that the awful peril of our nation (to speak now of England alone) had fused into union of hearts a thousand old antagonisms; that we should have done in the future with at least the worst phases of the dreary war of classes, that war which knows so very little, on any side, of chivalry, of heroism, of the glory of a pure and noble aim, lifting the combatant over personal interests towards the common good, and preparing him for generous after-friendships with his foe. Day by day now we watch with uneasy and discouraged interest (however our fears may have been allayed in a measure by the issue of a great recent conflict) the movements of a sectional spirit which at least largely takes its watchwords from a collective selfishness, and at least seems

to threaten to win its victories by the right of might. And all the while we look in vain, in the high seats of government, always excepting the noble example of the highest, for that spirit which assuredly the nation needs above all things in the civil spheres. Where is it easy to see the strength and majesty of a quite singlehearted aim on our governors' part towards the highest common good? Where is the steady will to tell the people, of every rank, the truth, and to carry out for them the right as right? Where is the high venture (I, for one, believe that that venture would in no long time win such national support as no party tactics ever possibly can win) to put aside for good the calculating bid for votes, and to act with an equal readiness to stand or to fall for the true welfare of England? Alas! we have waited in vain for any large, persistent, emphatic recognition of God by our civil ministers; for any call to the nation, in the least degree proportioned to its need, to turn to Him, whether in agony or in victory, with reverent fear and faith. Great utterances, by great leaders, on the position of our country and of the world,

have been made again and yet again, sometimes by speakers known to cherish personal religious faith, without one solitary reference all through to the eternal order and its Lord.

Most grave of all the phenomena, and most humiliating to us, is that the Christendom of England, its organized religious life, issues from these stern five years with all too little sign of a new power of faith, and love, and sacrificial service, and reverent joy in God. Many a heart did hopefully forecast such graces and their force when the awful voices of the war first seemed, prophet-like, to call men, and to call Churches, to draw together in very deed, to turn away from secondary strifes, away from the substitution of anything whatever for the Christ Himself, incarnate, sacrificed, risen, loving, reigning, coming, as the secret and centre of union for life, for witness, for the winning of the world to God. True, the ecclesiastical air has resounded with discussions and programmes. But these things may have little to do with the wind of Pentecost and with its fire. To men who, like me, have lived a long life in the Christian ministry, and have been

observers, of course, all the while of the spiritual conditions around them, it is one of the heaviest shadows on the scene, that while one period after another in our memory might justly be described as a day of the right hand of God, an epoch full of the powers of the world to come, when heavenly blessings seemed as it were to breathe in the very air, the present time is altogether otherwise. The wistful man is sorely tempted, though he will not quite yield to the temptation, to say that "we see not our tokens; that there is not one prophet more."

God forbid that I should ever seem to forget or to undervalue the lives of faith and love which I know of, and the uncounted lives like them beyond my narrow range of sight, or the ministries of patient labour and gracious light found in our own and in other Churches. But notwithstanding such reverent recollections, it is a fact of open certainty that our Christendom issues from the war, after all its soul-searching and soul-shaking lessons, and despite the devoted efforts for revival made in the course of it, *not* with a clearly lifted level of

common Christian life, *not* with an influence on the world manifestly stronger, *not* with a great revival of converting power through the living delivery of the saving message of the Christ.

Amidst our social and political strifes on the one hand, and in face of an unhallowed resurrection of wasteful and wholly worldly ideals and habits on the other, of selfish greed and of soulless indulgence, the Church cannot appear to be proving now, in any victorious measure, the light of the world, the salt of the earth. But that is what the Church is created by her God to be.

The time is indeed a time of grave and insistent appeal to the Christian, calling him to the secret place of thought and prayer. There first he will set himself to grasp afresh for his own soul the eternal certainties. He will take pains there to feel again beneath his own feet the everlasting rock of revealed salvation in Christ, the immovable facts of the holy history, glorified all over by the Shechinah cloud of the heavenly mystery, the open mystery of godliness, the wonder-truth of God incarnate for the believer's pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

There he will set himself to ponder afresh the sure words of promise for Church and world, given us to shine only the brighter amidst the shadows of time. Perhaps especially, there and then, he will read again and yet again, as I, for one, have come to do more than ever, those articulate predictions of the Written Word which may well make us deem it at least possible, in view also of vast motions of recent history, that the Æon is hastening to its consummation, that the Times of the Gentiles are running out apace over Jerusalem, that the glorious personal Return of the Lord our Hope is to be looked for with an ever-kindling expectation. "Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

But if these meditations take their just line, and keep their true proportion, they will only make the man who goes apart with God in his chamber more alert, as with the vigour of a radiant anticipation, to ask what he can do, what he can pray for, in order to the reviving of the Church at large for her commissioned work of bringing the world to know that the Father sent the Son. The holy hope, "that blissful hope," *ἡ μακαρία ἐλπίς*, is never for a

moment to leave the man who hails and holds it, indifferent to duty and opportunity around him. The more assured he is that his Lord may not much longer now delay His coming, the more will he desire to help to the uttermost to prepare His way. That transcendent expectation, while it lifts him, in a wonderful manner of its own, out of entanglement in the world's worldliness, will only deepen his sympathies and animate his ambitions to work in the world for the world's revival Godward. He will address himself to the humblest personal duty, and devote himself, if the call comes, to large and far-reaching enterprise for God and for good, with as much entirety of purpose as if he knew that the present order was to last for ever; only he will do it also with an elevation of spirit born of the assurance that he is, in his little measure, building a high road by which ere long shall pass not only the tired procession of human life but the returning footsteps of the King in His beauty, and of all His saints with Him.

Upon that supreme hope of the Church, however, I do not linger now. To leave it

unmentioned was impossible. But reverent humbleness recollects that convictions and expectations of the παρουσία inevitably vary, and that in any case we know not the day nor the hour. And we do know the will of our Master, transcending all times and seasons, that through a Church one with and in the Lord—through this vehicle of light and of life above all others, the world shall come to believe that the Father hath sent the Son.

That appealing fact of the mind of Christ about His Church is what I press upon your souls accordingly to-day. I have asked you, perhaps too insistently, earlier in this meditation, to recollect with me some of the shadows which hang to-day over the life of our English Christendom, something of the languor, of the weakness, of the almost palsy of spiritual energy and effect, which too often challenges our sad attention. But none of these phenomena of fatigue and failure shall allow us to forget that all the while it is through this same imperfect and often disappointing Church that the Lord unalterably purposes to work upon the world. Never does He suggest that, within this present

æon of His ways with men, He has in reserve another and better vehicle for the winning of humanity to godly fear and the blessed life. So upon the Church above all things, in this regard, let the Christian bend his thought, his will, his work, his prayer. Upon his own sacred and beloved Church first and most tenderly let the Anglican believer so give himself out in the life and service of love. But he will not think upon her only. Not alone through her, though God grant it may be eminently through her, in her unique wedlock with the nation's life, will He convert the nation. Not alone through her and her sisters in Episcopacy will He manifest to the world of all lands that unity of His saints in Him which spiritual reason and a vast experience alike assure us has a source ultimately deeper, immeasurably deeper, and also more immediate to man, even than apostolic order; for it springs from the eternal life of the Lord Himself. Nothing narrower, nothing less ubiquitous, than "the congregation of Christian people dispersed throughout the world," must be the vehicle for the forth-putting of that power of the heavenly Spirit which shall

show men, in men, what God in Christ can be for man, and shall win at length from every shore and island the vast chorus of a worshipping confession that the Father hath sent the Son.

So, for the world's sake, we will pray, and watch, and work, but above all we will pray, for a regenerated Church. There are noble precedents to quicken our hopes and concentrate our prayers. Is it not Lecky who says, with the detachment of a reverent agnostic and with the candour of a true historian, that the Methodist Revival of the eighteenth century moralized England as a nation into a force of principle and will which had vastly much to do with the victorious tenacity of her resistance to Napoleon Bonaparte? Shall not prayer yet be answered, in mighty motions of the Spirit, which shall lift a new and yet greater Methodism into being, and so make our troubled and bewildered England morally able to meet the tremendous forces which are at work to-day to draw man from God to materialistic and self-worshipping ideals, whose end is destruction? Shall we not pray, and work, and above all

pray, till godly fear shall awake and spread with a divine contagion among classes and masses; till the whole of common life, on a national scale, shall feel the supernatural while majestically sober power of a general vision of the supreme reality of God in Christ, the glory and wisdom of His will, the everlasting verity of His Word, the living connection between the individual's salvation in penitence and faith at the Cross and the nation's elevation into the dignity of a people loyal to its Lord, alike in worship and in work?

As I move to a close, let me speak one more soul-felt appeal. It is uttered—I think our Master knows it—in deep and contrite humility. For I look back on fifty-two years of ordained service, as deacon, presbyter, and bishop, with a growing wonder that my Lord does, as I dare to believe He does, forgive and love His servant still. But I speak now as pleadingly, as urgently, as I do humbly, to my dear and honoured brethren of the holy ministry. And I call upon them, each and all, of every order, of every age, of every school, to pray, and watch, and live, untiringly for a great revival

and regeneration of us the clergy. Upon us, in all our unworthiness, unspeakably much depends, in the plan of God, in this great need of a converted Church in order to a converted world. For alike the Master's and the Apostles' words, and the experiences of religious history, and the natural and spiritual reason of things, assure us that for a converted Church there needs a converted clergy. Or let me state it from the other side; granted, as the glorious gift of God, an entire converted clergy, men everywhere in sacred orders who have seen the vision of the Almighty, who know their Lord as all in all for themselves, who speak about Him the things they know, and testify, lifting up a witness at first hand to that in Him which they have seen; thus seeing, thus prophesying, and living withal the life of those who walk with a known and faithful God; granted all over the land such a ministry of living converts, all filling their historical commission with the power of the heavenly Spirit; then we may be as sure as facts and faith can make us that the sequel shall soon be a converted Church. And if that means, as it does

in the truth of things, a Church whose creed, conduct, and work are hallowed and vivified by the unhindered powers of the eternal Spirit, then infallibly with no long delay the world will take knowledge, the common human soul will awake with the confession that indeed the Father has sent the Son of His love, the Saviour and the Lord of man.

XVII

A LIVING STONE

'To Him coming, as to a living stone, ye also, as living stones, are builded up."—1 PETER ii. 4, 5.

HERE, in a sentence which I slightly abbreviate, to leave only its essentials before us, a great Christian tells us the vital secret for the development of the Christian character. The sentence is on one hand a fragment of the Holy Scriptures, nothing less than a word of God, suggested and guided from above. On the other hand it finds utterance, through a man altogether human, who speaks out of the moving depths of convictions and experiences profoundly personal. He is the Peter of the Galilean lake, of the Garden of the Agony, of the Courtyard of the High Priest. He bears in him a natural heart capable of the extremes of devotion and of weakness, this Peter, whom his Lord so wonderfully lifted out of the swellings and the panics of ungoverned impulse into the balanced power of a large and loving wisdom;

out of the self-reliance which let him drop into the horror of his denials up to a strength of faith, that is to say of a reliant use of his Saviour as his victory, which made him, through long years of toil and peril, crowned with the awful glory of his martyr-cross, a Peter indeed, a Kephas, a man of living rock.

It is he who speaks here, in this wonderful writing, as beautiful in diction as it is divine in matter, his First Epistle. He addresses his disciples of the scattered Asian missions, but then also ourselves to-day. For these apostolic letters, unique vehicles of revelation informal, friendly, shaped and phrased (as we now well know) precisely in the form and dialect of the common correspondence of their time, are yet the word of God which abideth for ever, contemporary with every date. The writer is telling those Asiatics then, and ourselves now, what is the formative power for the full Christian life, the complete Christian character in action, strong but tender, humble but prevailing, immovable in principle and purpose yet open as the air to all pure sympathies and all generous service. For such a growth the type

must be the Christ, the perfect Man, the more than realization in manhood of its supreme ideal of blended power and love. Yet more, the Christ must be the life, the victory of His followers. The dynamic behind their ethic, their power alike to achieve and to serve, it is their Lord, their Saviour, personal and present, accessible to their spirits' use.

Him first, then, Peter denotes and describes. He is the Living Stone. This is a pregnant designation. And it is, I think, given to our Master only here. We find Him often figured as the Rock, the Stone of the corner. We find Him often revealed as the very Life, "Christ which is our life." Here the two ideas converge into one magnificent and gracious mystery; the Living Stone.

The Stone comes first to our thought. The word suggests all that is massive, ponderous, steadfast. The reference, no doubt, touches specially the *angulare fundamentum*, the vast block of the corner, clamping wall into wall as they meet beside it and upon it. This is a parable for all that is inflexible, for truth, changeless in everlasting rectitude, able

almightily to resist and to sustain. Before us in this great word is revealed the Christ as the mighty One in the moral battle, living always, as we see Him in the Gospels, at the utmost height of more than heroic virtue, never for a moment doubtful of Himself, never afraid of any foe, till in the last tremendous ordeal He not only endures the Cross, with a transcendent firmness always more wonderful as we ponder it, but despises the shame, with a scorn such as only the sublimest spirit could pour upon degrading wrong. And He, the Stone, is the same to-day and for ever, in this moral might of His. Cliffs and crags may suggest His fixity, yet all the while what are they beside it but fleeting shadows, unsubstantial dreams?

But then upon the other hand this Christ, in Peter's faith, is the Stone which lives. Here, as often in the vivid richness of the Bible, the imagery bursts the bounds of nature. It gives us a rock instinct with a glowing consciousness of love. This mass of power, "foursquare to opposition," we look at it again. It is not it but He. He, the Stone, has heart, and eyes, and arms, and voice. He lives, all over and all

through ; His life pours itself out to the refugee beneath Him in tenderness, as when a mother comforteth ; in a compassion which does not so much condescend as share ; in a matchless fellowship with weakness, with sorrow, with remorse ; in an embracing fondness over the little child ; in a magnetic pardoning kindness for the damaged wanderer of the street ; in that skill of the experienced sufferer which can touch into joy the broken heart.

Such, somewhat such (for weak is this effort at a recollection of His glories)—such is the Living Stone. Every detail is familiar to our minds. But we never lose by a deliberate reassertion to the heart of the wonders of the Christian Creed, built as that Creed is out of the wealth of the Gospel fact of Christ. For myself, let me own it, as a long life, including a Christian ministry of more than fifty years, wears to its close, the soul of the messenger is always more possessed by the glory of the message. And that message, with an ever stronger emphasis, sums itself up for the servant in the perfections of the Master, the unsearchable riches of the Christ.

But the Apostle has not done. He has more to say, and of the same kind. The Living Stone is one, absolutely and by itself. But there are many living stones. We have looked at the supreme character of the Christ of God, upon the greatness that glows with goodness, upon the rock that beats with an eternal love. Well, that character, we gather here, is in some sort and measure communicable. For the Apostle has hardly named the Living Stone, elect and precious, before his pen, almost in the same stroke, writes down the words, "Ye also, as living stones."

The secret of the wonderful possibility thus indicated we will think of later. For the moment let us give the fact a deliberate recollection. A man, a mortal man, a sinful man, the being not of romance but of to-day, called to live, not in some fancied environment where there is leisure to be good, but in the thick of common intercourse in the complex of modern claims and duties—they may be the highest, they may be what seem the least of all—can be, and can continue to the last to be, a living stone.

Take the two elements of the metaphor in turn, as we took them just now with reference to the Lord. The disciple can be in some measure, like his Master, a stone, a rock. He can, out of whatever weakness, be made strong for God. Be his natural inconstancy what it may, he can become a stone of strength, solid, "sincere on virtue's side," steadfast with a persistency of dutiful conduct which stays and does not fail in the march of life. Conscience and will can somehow converge and embrace each other in him; and the resultant amalgam is a character which invites reliance and fortifies, in all who touch it, every right resolve.

Then, the man can be a *living* stone, as His Lord the Rock is living. He is not too good (if such a goodness could exist, which it cannot) to be alive with generous lovingkindness; with human sympathies and affections, with a warm and unselfish will to live at the service of others. He is no such unhappy being as to dream of saying to another, or of thinking about another, "I am holier than thou." Out of nature he has indeed been taken into grace. But then grace, that is to say, God working in his will, has only

led him up into a truer and a nobler naturalness. He is natural, with every instinct of human kindness. He is faithful to right and to duty, if need be, even to death. And he is only the more alive with instinctive aptitudes, warmed and vivified in the love of God, for his part in the dear fellowship of human life.

It is a radiant ideal, assuredly, this human personality, true with a stone-like moral firmness, but warm and companionable all the while. Here is a scholar versed in the Christian grammar of the pronouns, which recites them in an order nobler than that of the school book. The first Person for him is HE—The Lord, supreme. The second is YOU—the other, the neighbour, the being in need of his help, light, and cheer. The third person is I—the self, left anywhere, left last, left out.

And this ideal is no mere glory in the clouds, no dream of the poet, no theory of the Utopian moralist. It is just the Christian character in its sober truth—that character which sprung at once, full grown, from the creative power of Calvary and Pentecost, from the fact of a self-sacrificing God Incarnate and the gift of His

Spirit in the spirits of His disciples. Deep in the vast structure of the proof of Christianity lies that swift moral creation, that instant issue, from a revelation of transcendent wonders, from incarnation, sacrificial death of the Incarnate, and then His resurrection and His glory, of a type of human life so magnificently sober and beneficent. Your life is hid with Christ in God; you are joined to the Lord—you have fellowship with the Father and the Son—honour all men, owe no man anything, study to be quiet, do your own business, eat your own bread, abstain from every form of evil, be not weary in well-doing. No fanatical illusion could ever be the root of such a tree of life, with its wholesome fruit and its healing leaves. The mystery of our Faith comes from above the heavens. But its history is as solid as the earth on which it was wrought out. And this summer daylight of its moral results, its production of this ordered character of invincible but loving virtue, sets a seal all its own to the history of the wonders from which it sprung.

No, this character is indeed no dream. It was a fact of experience for these disciples of

St. Peter, these men and women lately steeped in surroundings of Levantine vice. They were actually living stones in the judgment of the old Apostle. It was a fact two generations later, in the view of a keen outside observer, the non-Christian Aristides, in his Appeal (rediscovered in our time) to the Emperor to stay the persecutions. For the *moral* of the Christians' life, he says, personal, domestic, social, commercial, is what the world has never seen before, and the world must hail it now as its best hope. Aye, and it has been a fact all down the centuries; it is a fact to-day. Shall I venture upon a personal reminiscence? May I touch with reverent hand the death and life of a Cambridge contemporary of my own? He died at twenty-two, of typhoid fever, in a Swiss hotel. His dearest ones, parents and sisters, were around him. But he, their ardent lover, now knew them no more; no gleam of recognition came. Then some one said, "Do you know Jesus?" "Jesus!" was the instant answer; "I know Him, and He knows me; I love Him, and He loves me." So he died. But how had he lived? He had been destined

by his father for the army, and after Cheltenham he passed for a three years' course to a military academy. It was a fine school of the soldier's science. But at that time its moral discipline was slack, and the common life was very evil. Arthur Elliott was no man of steel by nature; and he entered on his years as a cadet little aware of their impending temptations. But just as his residence began he came under the spiritual spell of a woman as wise and large-hearted as she was saintly, Catherine Marsh, of blessed memory; and the lad, as the gracious prophetess pointed him to the Christ, rose as it were on a sudden to be a living stone. Never deformed by the spirit of the Pharisee, ready always for fellowship and friendship, he lived his life there with unswerving steadfastness; true, in the strength of his adored and trusted Redeemer, absolutely true to duty and to virtue. His brain was sound and keen. I have his portrait on my wall; he sits in his cadet's uniform, the gold medal on the table by him, the sword of honour across his knees. But he left at last, forbidden by delicacy of health to fulfil his promise in arms, and allowed by his

father to enter Cambridge, and satisfy the cherished hope of ordination—he left the military school at last with a distinction transcendently higher than swords and medals. Vice in that College (so I know from old men once his comrades there) was out of fashion; the old evils had come to be bad form. The living stone had so stood and so lived that it developed a magnetic influence. The weaker men of good intent drew to him at once as their strength and stay; the circle grew, and the place was another place.

So lived and so died a living stone. His face, nobly pure, gently strong, looks often in upon my soul. *Frater, ave atque vale!* Brother, all hail, I thank God I ever saw thee, and felt, however faintly, yet really, the power of the living stone in thee.

If the single stones of the spiritual quarry are such, what cannot the structure be? Ye are builded up. What must it not mean for good, for virtue, for the penetration of the mass of human life, not least in these days of man's vast bewilderment, with its one true cleansing, and ordering, and ennobling secret, the fear of

God, that is to say, love upon its knees before the Eternal Truth and Love, when living stone meets living stone, when life meets life, when strength meets strength, in the co-operant force of a membership one of another, with hearts and hands united in the faith, and love, and blissful hope of Jesus Christ our Lord!

We remember, as we close, that to secure this coherent and co-operant power in our common life, as well as to secure the Christian character in the man, there is one secret, only one. That secret is a living contact with the archetypal Living Stone. It is nothing less than the Christ in divinely magnetic contact with us men. There, from the first even to the last, resides the transforming talisman. Perpetual, persistent touch with Him, in all and every way, in converse with Him through prayer, through scripture, through sacrament, through recollection, through loyal service of Him in others, this is the vital requisite. The Greek of St. Peter, by the verbal form of the word we render "coming," implies this persistency; "coming, and coming again"; aye, as our breathing comes, and the pulses of our

blood. For pardon, for purity, for spirit-power, we must be ceaseless applicants to the Christ; we must touch always the Living Stone, as old Antæus in the legend touched his mother earth, and was invincible again. So, true in His truth, strong in His strength, shall we be and abide His living stones, moral results of Him.

THE END

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